



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

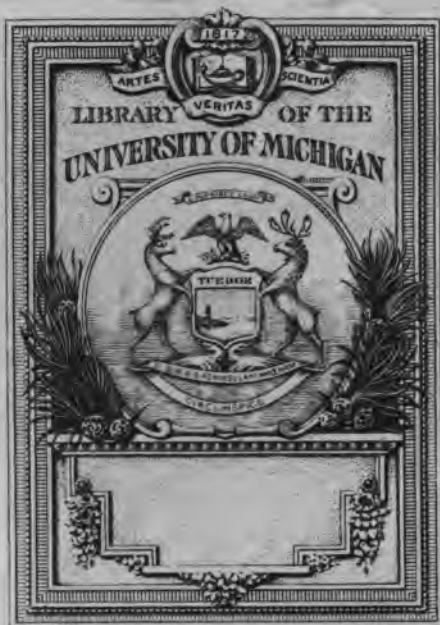
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

A

986,139



828  
L261  
H6













SELECTIONS

FROM

63394

THE WRITINGS

OF

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR,

EDITED BY

GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD.

BOSTON:

TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

M.DCCC.LVI.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855,  
by TICKNOR AND FIELDS,  
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District  
of Massachusetts.

RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE :  
Stereotyped and Printed by  
H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY.

## P R E F A C E.

I HAVE been for many years a student and an admirer of the writings of Walter Savage Landor. Indeed, I think no one can study his works without admiring them. No author of our times reminds us so much of the robust and masculine prose-writers of England in the seventeenth century; yet his mind is one of marked originality; and, in its peculiar development, has been aided by a will of commensurate power. His thoughts, his opinions, his style, are all his own. Perhaps his most obvious characteristic is the grasp and vigor of his understanding. In reading his works, we feel the pressure of a powerful mind upon our own. When we agree with him, we agree heartily; when we differ from him, it is with respect. Thus, he is one of the most suggestive of writers. Our own minds are roused and kindled by his; and the rich stream of his thoughts leaves a fertilizing deposit where it flows.

Upon all subjects, too, where his judgments are not influenced by his prejudices, his writings are full of wisdom. This is peculiarly their characteristic whenever he treats of man in his essential and primary qualities; or of human life, virtue, and duty, in the abstract. The dialogues in which Greeks

and Romans are speakers, are full of just and striking remarks upon government, literature, the conduct of life—of those pearls of thought which are as perfect in form as they are solid in substance. His writings are everywhere rich in beauty, which is the more delightful because it is so natural and spontaneous. He never goes out of the way to gather a flower. His style is eminently free from rhetorical prettinesses : it is simple, manly, and sometimes even homely. He is fruitful in illustrations, which are frequently of the happiest kind ; attractive alike from their novelty and their fitness.

There is another characteristic of Landor's writings, which I mention the more distinctly, from the fact that it seems not to have much attracted the attention even of his admirers—and that is the depth and tenderness of feeling which they breathe. "Pericles and Aspasia," especially, is full of the sweetest and truest expressions of sensibility ; and so are many of the dialogues. We are frequently forced to drop the book, and surrender ourselves to the visions and memories, soft or sad, which his words awaken, and cause to pass before the mind.

But all my admiration for this great writer does not blind me to those peculiarities which stand in the way of his becoming popular. He has some positive defects, or rather positive wants. He has no humor ; and his occasional attempts at it are the dreariest of failures. He has not the power of smooth and graceful narrative. Nor is dramatic truth uniformly preserved in his dialogues, and accurate discrimination of character adhered to ; but in some cases his failure is as signal as is his success in others. His energy has sometimes the air of roughness ; and his vehemence of expression is not always restrained by decorum. Besides these defects, his writings bear the impress

of certain peculiarities of character and temperament which are not attractive to the general reader. Landor, a man of vehement feeling and strong prejudices, has lived many years in Italy, in comparative seclusion, and removed from the social and political influences which have moulded and swayed his contemporaries. By this, his genius has been strengthened, and his admirable style kept pure from any alloy of fashion or conventionalism, so that he writes not like a man of this or that time, but of all time. But solitude, favorable to the development of genius, is not favorable to the growth of character. And the more fervid the organization, the more need there is of the attrition of society, to restrain the tendency to excess, to check the growth of paradox, and moderate the angry hue of prejudice. From the absence of these influences we find, in the writings of Landor, a needless vehemence of self assertion, an uncalled for air of defiance, and a gratuitous obtrusion of opinions which are both strong and odd. In saying this, I bear in mind what he has stated in a few introductory lines to the last collected edition of his works, that no opinions should be attributed to the writer but what are spoken under his own name. But a man cannot write much, even in an assumed character, without betraying his personal peculiarities.

The last edition of Landor's works is in two cumbrous octavo volumes, printed in double columns and fine type; a form of publication which has no other merit than that of cheapness, and repels all but the most resolute readers. In the multitude of books which everywhere solicit our attention, the external form is of no little weight in determining the number of readers which any particular writer may command.

In making a selection from the writings of Landor — which

I feel to be somewhat of a liberty to take with any man's productions — I have had reference both to those who already know and admire him, and to the general public, who know him only vaguely or not at all. The former class, I thought, would like to possess, in a compact and portable form, a selection of the thoughts and sayings of a wise and brilliant author; and for the latter, I desired, by means of these specimens, to induce them to read the entire works of the writer. Although Landor, from the great number of striking aphorisms and concise and profound observations on life and literature which are scattered through his pages, suffers less than most men from such dissection, it must not be supposed to be a full and sufficient exhibition of his powers. Only an imperfect view of his genius can be gained by these bits and fragments. If, through the vestibule this little book offers, I can persuade the public to pass into the stately structure of wisdom and beauty which Landor has reared, my purpose will have been accomplished. He deserves to be read by the American people, aside from his literary merits, for his ardent love of liberty, and his sympathy with all who do not possess its blessings.

I have in all cases designated the persons through whom his thoughts are spoken, and retained his spelling of proper names.

G. S. HILLARD.

BOSTON, November 5, 1855.

# **POLITICS AND GOVERNMENT.**





## POLITICS AND GOVERNMENT.



PHOCION.

INDIFFERENCE to the welfare of our country is a crime ; but if our country is reduced to a condition in which the bad are preferred to the good, the foolish to the wise, hardly any catastrophe is to be deprecated or opposed that may shake them from their places.

ÆSCHINES.

In dangerous and trying times they fall naturally and necessarily, as flies drop out of a curtain let down in winter. Should the people demand of me what better I would propose than my adversaries, such are the extremities to which their boisterousness and levity have reduced us, I can return no answer. We are in the condition of a wolf biting off his leg to escape from the trap that has caught it.



SELECTIONS

FROM

63394

THE WRITINGS

OF

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR,

EDITED BY

GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD.

BOSTON:

TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

M.DCCC.LVI.

more. But when rectitude is dangerous and depravity secure, then eloquence and courage, the natural pride and safeguard of states, become the strongest and most active instruments in their overthrow.

CICERO.

---

Political institutions, or establishments, should be founded on Christianity, and not Christianity on them. This perverts the order of things; which order, insomuch as passive example can effect, we would set right.

PENN.

---

Democracy is always the work of kings. Ashes, which in themselves are sterile, fertilize the land they are cast on.

LAMARTINE.

---

Nevertheless, I can not delude my understanding, on which is impressed this truth, namely, that the condition of a people which hath made many conquests, doth ultimately

become worse than that of the conquered. For the conquered have no longer to endure the sufferings of weakness or the struggles of strength; and some advantages are usually holden forth to keep them peaceable and contented; but under a conquering prince the people are shadows, which lessen and lessen as he mounts in glory, until at last they become, if I may reasonably say it and unprovedly, a thing of nothing, a shapeless form.

SIR ARNOLD SAVAGE.

---

For wars drive up riches in heaps, as winds drive up snows, making and concealing many abysses.

ARISTOTELES.

---

No good man ever gave any thing without being the more happy for it, unless to the undeserving, nor ever took any thing away without being the less so. But here is anxiety and suspicion, a fear of the strong, a subjection to the weak; here is fawning, in order to be fawned on again, as among

suckling whelps half awake. He alone is the master of his fellow-men who can instruct and improve them ; while he who makes the people another thing from what it was, is master of that other thing, but not of the people.

SOLON.

---

Sparta can only be humbled by the prosperity and liberality of Athens. She was ever jealous and selfish ; Athens has been too often so. It is only by forbearance toward dependent states, and by kindness toward the weaker, that her power can long preponderate. Strong attachments are strong allies. This truth is so clear as to be colorless, and I should fear that you would censure me for writing what almost a child might have spoken, were I ignorant that its importance hath made little impression on the breasts of statesmen.

ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

---

Every government should provide for every subject the means of living both hon-

estly and at ease. We should bring out of every man and every creature as much utility as we may; now much utility will never be produced unless we render life easy and comfortable.

PENN.

---

My dear Sandt! it is not German to kill our fellow-men for a diversity of opinion, or for a mere delinquency in politics. Manifest and intentional evil must have sprung up before the sword be drawn, which, in our military school, has always been thought a better weapon than the dagger. Unfriendly as you are, which every German has reason to be, toward France, I am afraid your mind has retained too long the heat thrown out on every side by the French Revolution. Although I hold in contempt the man whose youth was unwarmed by it, I should entertain but a mean opinion of his understanding who perceived not at last the wickedness of its agents, by the conflagrations they excited in all quarters. I have lived long enough, and have read extensively enough, to learn that no good what-



soever hath come at any time, to any part of the world, from France. While Italy gave the model of municipalities, that broad concrete on which a safe, solid, substantial government must be founded; while Germany invented printing; what is the invention, the only one, of France? Her emblematic balloon, the symbol of herself!—flimsy, varnished, inflated, restless, wavering, swaggering, and carried away by every current and every gust, in the most opposite directions.

BLUCHER.

---

If men considered the happiness of others, or their own; in fewer words, if they were rational or provident, no state would be depopulated, no city pillaged, not a village would be laid in ashes, not a farm deserted. But there always have been, and always will be, men about the despot, who persuade him that terror is better than esteem; that no one knows whether he is revered or not, but that he who is dreaded has indubitable proofs of it, and is regarded by mortals as a God. By pampering this foible in the

prince, they are admitted to come closer and closer to him ; and from the indulgence of his corrupted humors, they derive their wealth and influence. Every man in the world would be a republican, if he did not hope from fortune and favor more than from industry and desert ; in short, if he did not expect to carry off, sooner or later, from under another system, what never could belong to him rightfully, and what cannot, he thinks, accrue to him from this. To suppose the contrary would be the same as to suppose that he would rather have a master in his house than friend, brother, or son ; and that he has both more confidence and more pleasure in an alien's management of it, than in his own, or in any person's selected by his experience and deputed by his choice.

DEMOSTHENES.

---

Aristocracy is not contemptible as a system of government ; in fact, it is the only one a true gentleman can acquiesce in. Give me any thing rather than the caldron, eternally bubbling and hissing, in which the

scum of the sugar-baker has naught at the bottom of it, but the poison of the lawyer's tongue and the bones of the poor reptiles he hath starved.

LORD PETERBOROUGH.

---

That nation that loses her liberty is not aware of her misfortune at the time, any more than the patient is who receives a paralytic stroke. He who first tells either of them what has happened, is repulsed as a simpleton or a churl.

PETRARCH.

---

By my removal from England to America, I do not think I any more change my country than my father did when he left Bristol for London. We relinquish her when we relinquish her purer habits, her juster laws, her wiser conversations; not when we abandon the dissidence and dishonesty of her parties, her political craft, her theological intolerance. That is properly the land of our fathers in which we may venerate the image of their virtues;

in which we may follow their steps, and leave our own not unworthy to be followed.

PENN.

---

Political men, like goats, usually thrive best among inequalities.

PERICLES.

---

Love of supremacy, miscalled political glory, finds most, and leaves all, dishonest.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

---

Power is always the more immoderate and the more jealous when it rises out of usurpation; but those who contend for liberty of any kind, should, in no instance, be its abettors.

CASAUBON.

---

Dignity, in private men and in governments, has been little else than a stately and stiff perseverance in oppression; and spirit, as it is called, little else than the foam of

hard-mouthed insolence. Such, at last, is become the audacity of Power, from a century or more of holidays and riot, it now complains that you deprive it of its prerogative if you limit the exercise of its malignity. I lament that there are those who can learn no lesson of humanity, unless we write it broadly with the point of the sword.

WASHINGTON.

---

MACHIAVELLI.

Republican as I have lived, and shall die, I would rather any other state of social life, than naked and rude democracy; because I have always found it more jealous of merit, more suspicious of wisdom, more proud of riding on great minds, more pleased at raising up little ones above them, more fond of loud talking, more impatient of calm reasoning, more unsteady, more ungrateful, and more ferocious; above all, because it leads to despotism through fraudulence, intemperance, and corruption. Let Democracy live among the mountains, and regulate her village, and enjoy her ch<sup>^</sup>alet; let her live

peacefully and contentedly amid her flocks and herds ; never lay her rough hand on the balustrade of the council-chamber ; never raise her boisterous voice among the images of liberators and legislators, of philosophers and poets.

MICHEL-ANGELO.

In the course of human things you can not hinder her. All governments run ultimately into the great gulf of despotism, widen or contract them, straighten or divert them, as you will. From this gulf, the Providence that rules all nature, liberates them. Again they return, to be again absorbed, at periods not foreseen or calculable. Every form of government is urged onward by another, and a different one. The great receptacle, in which so many have perished, casts up the fragments, and indefatigable man refits them.

---

He is thought to have been a hypocrite for the sake of power ; whereas, in fact, he was sincere, until power, by degrees, made him a hypocrite. How little, then, of it

should be trusted to any man, when the wisest, and the bravest, and the calmest are thus perverted by it!

PENN, said of *Cromwell*.

---

If you wish to make the bulk of men wiser, do not put books into their hands which they will either throw away from indifference, or must drop from necessity; but give them employment suitable to their abilities, and let them be occupied in what will repay them the most certainly and the best.

PRESIDENT DUPATY.

---

The bird of wisdom flies low, and seeks her food under hedges; the eagle himself would be starved if he always soared aloft and against the sun. The sweetest fruit grows near the ground, and the plants that bear it require ventilation and lopping. Were this not to be done in thy garden, every walk and alley, every plot and border, would be covered with runners and roots, with boughs and suckers. We want no

poets or logicians or metaphysicians to govern us; we want practical men, honest men, continent men, unambitious men; fearful to solicit a trust, slow to accept, and resolute never to betray one. Experimentalists may be the best philosophers; they are always the worst politicians. Teach people their duties, and they will know their interests. Change as little as possible, and correct as much.

DIODEGENES.

---

BOULTER.

More are made insurgents by firing on them than by feeding them; and men are more dangerous in the field than in the kitchen.

PHILIP SAVAGE.

In critical times, such as these, some coercion and some intimidation may be necessary. We must be vigilant and resolute against the ill-intentioned.

BOULTER.

My dear brother! would it not be wiser to give other intentions to the ill-inten-



tioned? Cruelty is no more the cure of crimes than it is the cure of sufferings; compassion, in the first instance, is good for both; I have known it to bring compunction when nothing else would.

---

Scarcely ever has there been a politician, in any free state, without much falsehood and duplicity. I have named the most illustrious exceptions. Slender and irregular lines of a darker color run along the bright blade that decides the fate of nations, and may indeed be necessary to the perfection of its temper. The great warrior has usually his darker lines of character, necessary (it may be) to constitute his greatness. No two men possess the same quantity of the same virtues, if they have many or much. We want some which do not far outstep us, and which we may follow with the hope of reaching; we want others to elevate, and others to defend us. The order of things would be less beautiful without this variety. Without the ebb and flow of our passions, but guided and moderated

prince, they are admitted to come closer and closer to him; and from the indulgence of his corrupted humors, they derive their wealth and influence. Every man in the world would be a republican, if he did not hope from fortune and favor more than from industry and desert; in short, if he did not expect to carry off, sooner or later, from under another system, what never could belong to him rightfully, and what cannot, he thinks, accrue to him from this. To suppose the contrary would be the same as to suppose that he would rather have a master in his house than friend, brother, or son; and that he has both more confidence and more pleasure in an alien's management of it, than in his own, or in any person's selected by his experience and deputed by his choice.

DEMOSTHENES.

---

Aristocracy is not contemptible as a system of government; in fact, it is the only one a true gentleman can acquiesce in. Give me any thing rather than the caldron, eternally bubbling and hissing, in which the

the triumphs of Scipio, when the Gracchi perished, and reached the worst under the dictatorship of Cæsar, when perished Liberty herself. A milder and better race was gradually formed by Grecian instruction. Vespasian, Titus, Nerva, Trajan, the Antonines, the Gordians, Tacitus, Probus, in an almost unbroken series, are such men as never wore the diadem in other countries; and Rome can show nothing comparable to them in the most renowned and virtuous of her earlier consuls. Humanity would be consoled in some degree by them, if their example had sunk into the breasts of the governed. But ferocity is unsoftened by sensuality; and the milk of the wolf could always be traced in the veins of the effeminated Romans.

PETRARCH.

---

Philosophy hath led scarcely a single man away from commands or magistracies, until he hath first tried them. Weariness is the repose of the politician, and apathy his wisdom. He fancies that nations are contemplating the great man in his retire-

ment, while what began in ignorance of himself, is ending in forgetfulness on the part of others. This truth at last appears to him; he detests the ingratitude of mankind; he declares his resolution to carry the earth no longer on his shoulders: he is taken at his word: and the shock of it breaks his heart.

EPICURUS.

---

I can not see any great ornament in trees, until the carpenter hath had them under his hand. They are dull in summer and ragged in winter, the very best of them, trim them and contrive them as you will. The ornament of a country is the sight of creatures enjoying their existence.

PENN.

---

I must and will fear for you, and the more because I perceive you are attracted, as the bees are, by an empty sound, the fame of your admirer. You love Pericles for that very quality which ought to have set you on your guard against him. In

contentions for power, the philosophy and poetry of life are dropt and trodden down. Domestic affections can no more bloom and flourish in the hardened race-course of politics, than flowers can find nourishment in the pavement of the streets. In the politician, the whole creature is factitious; if he ever speaks as before, he speaks either from memory or invention.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

---

Toleration is, in itself, the essence of Christianity, and the very point which the founder of it most peculiarly enjoined. It is for God to regard our motives; it is for man to regard our acts; and when an act is proved to be against the law, then, and then only, is it our business to inquire into the motive, and whether it aggravates or extenuates the offence.

PENNY.

---

Nothing is so surprising, and proves to me so manifestly the moral excellence of the English above all other nations, as their

juries. That twelve men should be unanimous, in order to punish an offender, and that neither fear nor corruption should have influenced an individual in the many hundred thousands who have been jurymen, is a miracle in morals and jurisprudence.

THE GRAND DUKE LEOPOLD.

---

Kingship is a profession which has produced few amongst the most illustrious, many among the most despicable, of the human race. As in our days they are educated and treated, he is deserving of no slight commendation who rises, in moral worth, to the level of his lowest subject; so manifold and so great are the impediments.

WALTER NOBLE.

---

In argument, truth always prevails finally; in politics, falsehood always; else would never states fall into decay. Even good men, if indeed good men will ever mix with evil ones for any purpose, take up the trade of politics, at first intending to deal

honestly ; the calm bower of the conscience is soon converted into the booth of inebriating popularity ; the shouts of the multitude then grow unexciting, then indifferent, then troublesome ; lastly, the riotous supporters of the condescending falling half-asleep, he looks agape in their faces, springs upon his legs again, flings the door behind him, and escapes in the livery of power. When Satan would have led our Saviour into temptation, he did not conduct him where the looser passions were wandering ; he did not conduct him amid flowers and herbage, where a fall would have only been a soilure to our frail human nature ; no, he led him up to an exceedingly high mountain, and showed him palaces, and towers, and treasures, knowing that it was by those alone that he himself could have been so utterly lost to rectitude and beatitude. Our Saviour spurned the temptation, and the greatest of his miracles was accomplished.

GALILEO.

---

While passions and minds are agitated, the fewer opinions we deliver before them

the better. We have laws enough; and we should not accustom men to changes. Though many things might be altered and improved, yet alteration in state matters, important or unimportant in themselves, is weighty in their complex and their consequences. A little car in motion shakes all the houses of a street: let it stand quiet, and you or I could almost bear it on our foot; it is thus with institutions.

PHOCION.

---

Cæsar! Cæsar! you write upon language and analogy; no man better. Tell me, then, whether mud is not said to be settled when it sinks to the bottom? and whether those who are about to sink a state, do not, in like manner, talk of settling it?

LUCULLUS.

---

Wherever there is excessive wealth, there is also in the train of it excessive poverty; as where the sun is brightest the shade is deepest. Many republics have stood for ages, while no citizen of them was in very



great affluence, and while, on the contrary, most were very poor ; but none hath stood long after many, or indeed a few, have grown inordinately wealthy. Riches cause poverty, then irritate, then corrupt it ; so, throughout their whole progress and action, they are dangerous to the State.

ARISTOTELES.

---

That government is the best which the people obey the most willingly, and the most wisely ; that state of society, in which the greatest number may live and educate their families becomingly, by unstrained bodily, and unrestricted intellectual, exertion ; where superiority in office springs from worth, and where the chief magistrate hath no higher interest in perspective than the ascendancy of the laws. Nations are not ruined by war ; for convents and churches, palaces and cities, are not nations. The Messenians, and Jews, and Araucanians saw their houses and temples levelled with the pavement : the mightiness of the crash gave the stronger mind a fresh impulse, and it sprang high above the flames that consumed

the last fragment. The ruin of a country is not the blight of corn, nor the weight and impetuosity of hailstones ; it is not inundation nor storm, it is not pestilence nor famine ; a few years, perhaps a single one, may cover all traces of such calamity. But that country is too surely ruined, in which morals are lost irretrievably to the greater part of the rising generation ; and there are they about to sink and perish, where the ruler has given, by an unrepressed and unproved example, the lesson of bad faith.

LACY.

---

Kings play at war unfairly with republics ; they can only lose some earth, and some creatures they value as little, while republics lose in every soldier a part of themselves.

ÆSCHINES.

---

Many have begun to predict our *future* greatness ; in fact, no nation is ever greater than at the time when it recovers its freedom from under one apparently more pow-

erful. America will never have to make again such a struggle as she made in 1775, and never can make one so glorious. A wide territory does not constitute a great people, nor does enormous wealth, nor does excessive population. The Americans are, at present, as great a people as we can expect them to be in future.

WASHINGTON.

---

Although, of late years, France hath exhibited no man of exalted wisdom or great worth, yet surely her Revolution cast up several both intellectual and virtuous. But, like fishes in dark nights and wintry weather, allured by deceptive torches, they came to the surface only to be speared.

SOUTHEY.

---

Thou tellest us, in thy fourth book on *Polity*, that it matters but little whether a state be governed by many or one, if the one is obedient to the laws. Why hast not thou likewise told us, that it little matters whether the sun bring us heat or cold,

if he ripens the fruits of the earth by cold as perfectly as by heat? Demonstrate that he does it, and I subscribe to the proposition. Demonstrate that kings, by their nature and education, are obedient to the laws; bear them patiently; deem them no impediment to their wishes, designs, lusts, violences; that a whole series of monarchs hath been of this character and condition, wherever a whole series hath been permitted to continue; that under them independence of spirit, dignity of mind, rectitude of conduct, energy of character, truth of expression, and even lower and lighter things, eloquence, poetry, sculpture, painting, have flourished more exuberantly than among the free. On the contrary, some of the best princes have rescinded the laws they themselves introduced and sanctioned. Impatient of restraint and order are even the quiet and inert of the species.

—  
DIOGENES, addressed to *Plato*.

Those governments alone can be stable, or are worthy of being so, in which prop-

erty and intellect keep the machine in right order and regular operation ; each being conscious that it is the natural ally and reciprocal protector of the other ; that nothing ought to be above them ; and that what is below them ought to be as little below as possible ; otherwise it never can consistently, steadily, and effectually, support them.

MACHIAVELLI.

---

I am weary of this digression on the inequality of punishments ; let us come up to the object of them. It is not, O Plato ! an absurdity of thine alone, but of all who write and of all who converse on them, to assert that they both are and ought to be inflicted publicly, for the sake of deterring from offence. The only effect of public punishment is, to show the rabble how bravely it can be borne ; and that every one who hath lost a toe-nail hath suffered worse. The virtuous man, as a reward and a privilege, should be permitted to see how calm and satisfied a virtuous man departs. The criminal should be kept in the dark

about the departure of his fellows, which is oftentimes as reluctant: for to him, if indeed no reward or privilege, it would be a corroborative and a cordial. Such things ought to be taken from him, no less carefully than the instruments of destruction or evasion. Secrecy and mystery should be the attendants of punishment, and the sole persons present should be the injured, or two of his relatives, and a functionary delegated by each tribe to witness and register the execution of justice.

DIODEGENES.

---

SHIPLEY.

I am depressed in spirit, and can sympathize but little in your exultation. All the crimes of Nero and Caligula are less afflicting to humanity, and consequently we may suppose will bring down on the offenders a less severe retribution than an unnecessary and unjust war. And yet the authors and abettors of this most grievous among our earthly calamities, the enactors and applauders (on how vast a theatre!) of the first and greatest crime committed upon earth, are

quiet, complacent creatures, jovial at dinner, hearty at breakfast, and refreshed with sleep! Nay, the prime movers in it are called most religious and most gracious; and the hand that signs in cold blood the death-warrant of nations, is kissed by the kind-hearted, and confers distinction upon the brave! The prolongation of a life that shortens so many others, is prayed for by the conscientious and pious! Learning is inquisitive in the research of phrases to celebrate him who has conferred such blessings, and the eagle of genius holds the thunderbolt by his throne! Philosophy, O my friend, has hitherto done little for the social state; and Religion has nearly all her work to do! She, too, hath but recently washed her hands from blood, and stands neutrally by—yes, worse than neutrally—while others shed it. I am convinced that no day of my life will be so censured by my own clergy, as this, the day on which the last hopes of peace have abandoned us, and the only true minister of it is pelted from our shores. Farewell, until better times! may the next generation be wiser! and wiser it surely will be; for the lessons

of Calamity are far more impressive than those which repudiated Wisdom would have taught.

FRANKLIN.

Folly hath often the same results as Wisdom: but Wisdom would not engage in her school-room so expensive an assistant as Calamity. There are, however, some noisy and unruly children whom she alone has the method of rendering tame and tractable: perhaps it may be by setting them to their tasks both sore and supperless. The ship is getting under way. Adieu once more, my most revered and noble friend! Before me, in imagination, do I see America, beautiful as Leda in her infant smiles, when her father, Jove, first raised her from the earth; and behind me I leave England, hollow, unsubstantial, and broken, as the shell she burst from.

---

It is untrue that nations cannot be at once agricultural and commercial. That the most commercial are the most agricultural, the states of Holland, and indeed the



Netherlands at large, are evidences, and, in another hemisphere, China. Attica, composed of rocks, was better cultivated than Sparta. Carthage and Alexandria, Bruges and Dantzic, put into motion fifty ploughs with every rudder.

Remove from mankind the disabilities that wrong systems of government have imposed, and their own interests will supply them both with energy and with morality. I speak of men as we find them about us, possessing the advantages of example and experience.

PENN.

---

Principles are of slower growth than passions: and the hand of Philosophy, holden out to all, there are few who press cordially.

THE GRAND DUKE LEOPOLD.

---

I believe it was never contradicted nor doubted, that every great empire has decayed through luxury: this theory I suspect to be unfounded. Luxury, if confined to

few, can do little mischief to the people at large, particularly where the population lies scattered ; if general, there can be no better proof of the state's flourishing condition ; no surer exposition of its tutelary laws. It is only when great interests clash, only when great properties are torn away and insulated from the mass, only when one portion of the citizens has something to compensate it for the loss of country, and the other can sustain no loss whatever, that nations are enslaved and ruined.

We must regulate the index of luxury by the places we are in, and calculate its effects by what it acts on. The Babylonians, the Persians, the Macedonians, the Tartars, were ruined by their conquests. Rome was not subdued on the trichlinia of Apicius or Petronius. Her citizens fell away and yielded to the enemy, when no common bond of interest held them together ; when they possessed large estates in the provinces, and their money was put out to interest in them. By degrees, the chief property of the Roman senators and gentlemen lay out of Italy ; which country, therefore, was deserted by the Ge-

nius of Agriculture. Innumerable slaves were employed about their villas and gardens, while their tables were supplied from Syria, Pamphylia, Egypt, and Numidia. They were never so respectable, never so formidable, as when they spent many months of the year on their patrimonial estates, small ones, and thence near enough one another both for conviviality and for check.

A man is not the weaker in mind or body for eating a turbot in preference to a roach, or a peacock in preference to a venison: in his social state he is the weaker and deplorably indeed, when his interests and affections lie beyond his country, which soon pines away at his indifference.

TERLAWNY.

---

A wise and dispassionate legislator, if such should arise among men, will not condemn to death him who has done, or is likely to do more service than injury to society. Blocks and gibbets are the near objects to ours, and their business is not with virtues or with hopes. Justice upon earth has forgotten half her lesson, and

peats the other half badly. God commanded her to reward and to punish. She would tell you that punishment is the reward of the wicked, and that the rewards of the good belong to Him, whose delight is their distribution in another place. She is neither blind, as some have represented her, nor clear-sighted : she is one-eyed, and looks fixedly and fondly with her one eye upon edge-tools and halters. The best actions are never recompensed, and the worst are seldom chastised.

WALTER NOBLE.

---

Good lawyers are often bad legislators ; many know perfectly what has been established, and very imperfectly what ought to be.

PRESIDENT DUPATY.

---

Nations, like individuals, interest us in their birth and early growth : every motion, however irregular, seems to us natural, graceful, an indication of vigor or intelligence. For some time afterward, the sallies

of frowardness and of passion are not only forgiven in them, but applauded and admired. Soon, however, what we fancied a pleasing peculiarity, becomes an awkwardness and uncouthness; what was spirit, is petulance; and we confess we were disappointed.

LORD PETERBOROUGH.

---

A mercantile democracy may govern long and widely; a mercantile aristocracy cannot stand.

PANÆTIUS.

---

Ambition is but Avarice on stilts, and masked. God sometimes sends a famine, sometimes a pestilence, and sometimes a hero, for the chastisement of mankind; none of them surely for our admiration.

LORD BROOKE.

---

I am afraid that, in the practice of jurisprudence, circumspection more than rarely means dilatoriousness. Delay of justice is

injustice. When offences are defined, and punishments are apportioned, no circumspection is necessary.

PRESIDENT DUPATY.

---

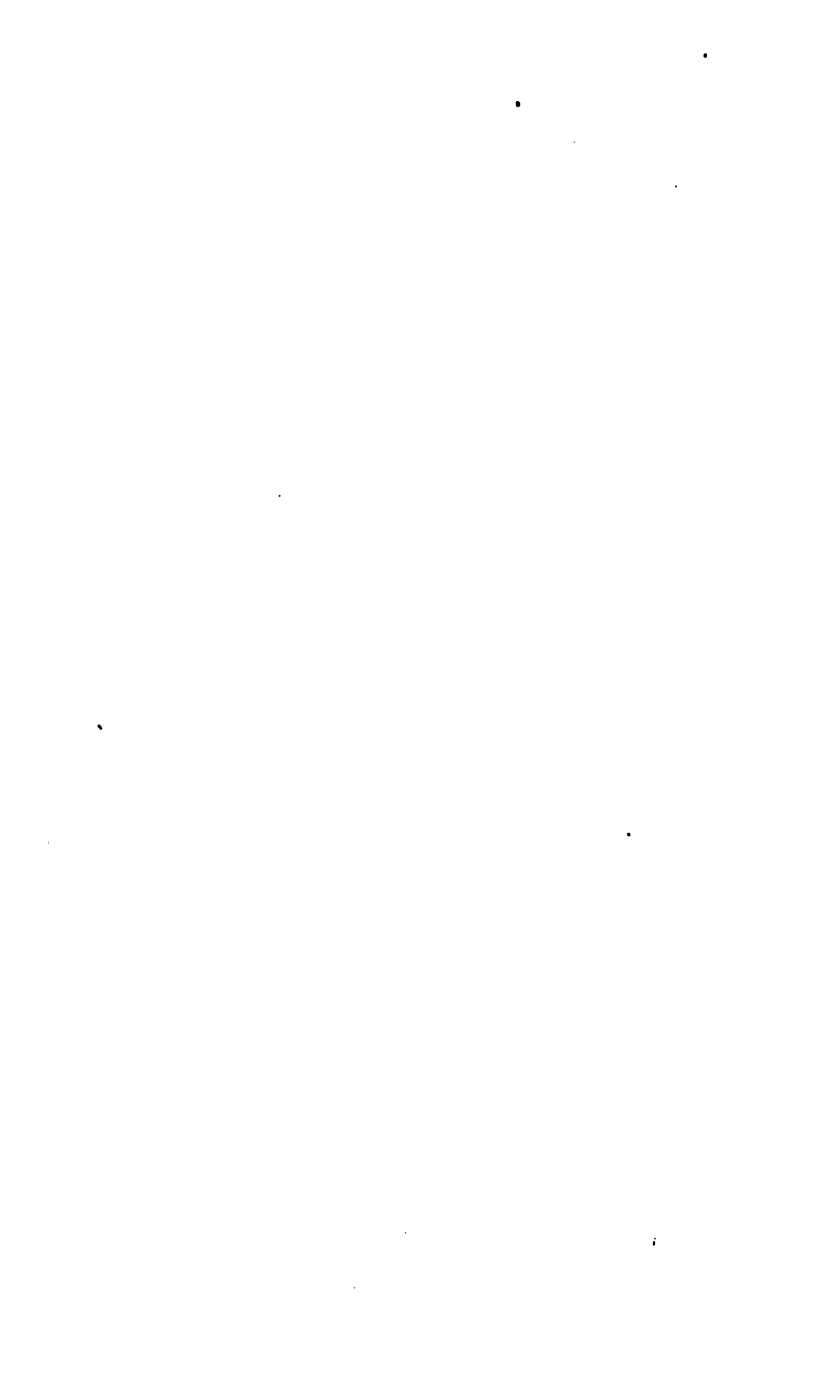
The highest price we can pay for anything is, to ask it; and to solicit a vote appears to me as unworthy an action as to solicit a place in a will: it is not ours, and might have been another's.

PHOCION.

---

Where the lawyers flourish, there is a certain sign that the laws do not; for this flourishing can only arise from the perplexity or the violation of them. If an English lawyer is in danger of starving in a market-town or village, he invites another, and both thrive.

LORD PETERBOROUGH.



# **LITERATURE AND CRITICISM.**





## LITERATURE AND CRITICISM.



FAME often rests at first upon something accidental; and often, too, is swept away, or for a time removed: but neither genius nor glory is conferred at once; nor do they glimmer and fall, like drops in a grotto, at a shout. Their foundations, in the beginning, may be scooped away by the slow machinery of malicious labor; but, after a season, they increase with every surge that comes against them, and harden at every tempest to which they are exposed.

LANDOR.

---

Peace, peace! my modest Newton! Perhaps I, by being too much an estimator of it, have overvalued the clearest head and the purest tongue of antiquity. My Lord Justice Coke, and probably the more learned

Selden, would have ridiculed and reproved us, had we dared entertain in their presence a doubt of Cicero's superiority over Bacon. No very great man ever reached the standard of his greatness in the crowd of his contemporaries. This hath always been reserved for the secondary. There must either be something of the vulgar, something in which the commonalty can recognize their own features, or there must be a laxity, a jealousy, an excitement stimulating a false appetite. Your brief review of the *Essays* hath brought back to my recollection so much of shrewd judgment, so much of rich imagery, such a profusion of truths so plain, as (without his manner of exhibiting them) to appear almost unimportant, that, in the various high qualities of the human mind, I must acknowledge not only Cicero, but every prose writer among the Greeks, to stand far below him. Cicero is least valued for his highest merits, his fulness and his perspicuity. Bad judges (and how few are not so!) desire in composition the concise and the obscure, not knowing that the one most frequently arises from paucity of materials, and the other from inability to man-

age and dispose them. Have you never observed that, among the ignorant in painting, dark pictures are usually called the finest in the collection, and gray-bearded heads, fit only for the garret, are preferred to the radiance of light and beauty? Have you yourself never thought, before you could well measure and calculate, that books and furniture thrown about a room, appeared to be in much greater quantities than when they were arranged? At every step we take to gain the approbation of the wise, we lose something in the estimation of the vulgar. Look within: cannot we afford it?

The minds of few can take in the whole of a great author, and fewer can draw him close enough to another for just commensuration. A fine passage may strike us less forcibly than one beneath it in beauty, from less sensibility in us at the moment; whence less enthusiasm, less quickness of perception, less capacity, less hold. You have omitted to remark some of the noblest things in Bacon, often, I believe, because there is no power of judgment to be shown in the expression of admiration, and per-

haps, too, sometimes from the repetition and intensity of delight.

BARROW.

---

I will never praise you again until you complete the tragedy. This is the time for it, now all the dramatic poets of your country are dead or silent. Not that I would invite you to have it represented or published: but, believe me, the exertion of poetical power, in these elevations, throws off many of the mind's diseases. Little or nothing of the sort can be effected by slenderer and more desultory attempts. A bushel of garnets, and amethysts, and topazes, is not worth a single ruby the size of the smallest: and yet they are pretty things enough, and attract as many people.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

---

Under the highest of their immeasurable Alps, all is not valley and verdure: in some places there are frothy cataracts, there are the fruitless beds of noisy torrents, and there

are dull and hollow glaciers. He must be a bad writer, or, however, a very indifferent one, in whom there are no inequalities. The plants of such table-land are diminutive, and never worth gathering. What would you think of a man's eyes to which all things appear of the same magnitude, and at the same elevation? You must think nearly so of a writer who makes as much of small things as of great. The vigorous mind has mountains to climb, and valleys to repose in. Is there any sea without its shoals? On that which the poet navigates, he rises intrepidly as the waves rise round him, and sits composedly as they subside.

MARVEL.

---

Our good Anaxagoras said to me this morning, "You do well, Aspasia, to read history in preference to philosophy, not only on the recommendation, but according to the practice, of Pericles. A good historian will also be a good philosopher, but will take especial care that he be never caught in the attitude of disquisition or

declamation. The golden vein must run through his field, but we must not see rising out of it the shaft and the machinery. We should moderate or repress our curiosity and fastidiousness. Perhaps at no time will there be written, by the most accurate and faithful historian, so much of truth as untruth. But actions enow will come out with sufficient prominence before the great tribunal of mankind, to exercise their judgment and regulate their proceedings. If statesmen looked attentively at every thing past, they would find infallible guides in all emergencies. But leaders are apt to shudder at the idea of being led, and little know what different things are experiment and experience. The sagacity of a Pericles himself is neither rule nor authority to those impetuous men, who would rather have rich masters than frugal friends."

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

---

Since the time of Chaucer, there have been only two poets who at all resemble him; and these two are widely dissimilar

one from the other, Burns and Keats. The accuracy and truth with which Chaucer has described the manners of common life, with the foreground and background, are also to be found in Burns, who delights in broader strokes of external nature, but equally appropriate. He has parts of genius which Chaucer has not in the same degree; the animated and pathetic. Keats, in his *Endymion*, is richer in imagery than either: and there are passages in which no poet has arrived at the same excellence on the same ground. Time alone was wanting to complete a poet, who already far surpassed all his contemporaries in this country, in the poet's most noble attributes. If any thing could engage me to visit Rome, to endure the sight of her scarred and awful ruins, telling their stories on the ground in the midst of bell-ringers and pantomimes; if I could let charnel-houses and opera-houses, consuls and popes, tribunes and cardinals, senatorial orators and preaching friars, clash in my mind; it would be that I might afterward spend an hour in solitude, where the pyramid of Cestius stands against the wall, and points to the



humbler tombs of Keats and Shelley. Nothing so attracts my heart as ruins in deserts, or so repels it as ruins in the circle of fashion. What is so shocking as the hard verity of Death swept by the rustling masquerade of Life! And does not Mortality of herself teach us how little we are, without placing us amid the trivialities of patchwork pomp, where Virgil led the Gods to found an empire, where Cicero saved, and Cæsar shook, the world!

LANDOR.

---

PENN.

My young friend, genius with thee is like the bird of paradise, all wing; should it wish to alight and settle on any thing, it finds under it no support.

PETERBOROUGH.

Penn, I was once a great admirer of Rochefoucault, and fancied his Maxims were oracles. It happened that, quoting them one day at dinner, my adversary told me I had reversed the sentiment: I found I had. Upon this, I began to reverse, for

curiosity's sake, almost every third sentence of my shrewd and smart philosopher ; and discovered that, like superfine cloth, they look as comely the wrong side outward as the right, wherever I could give as easy and quick a turn as that of the original. This persuaded me that we receive for the wisest things, the gracefulest and the boldest ; and that what are called speculative truths are, in general, not only unimportant, but no truths at all.

---

Every witticism is an inexact thought : that which is perfectly true is imperfectly witty.

PLATO.

---

It may be doubted whether the Creator ever created one altogether so great [as Milton] ; taking into one view, at once, (as much indeed as can at once be taken into it,) his manly virtues, his superhuman genius, his zeal for truth, for true piety, true freedom, his eloquence in displaying

it, his contempt of personal power, his glory and exultation in his country's.

LANDOR.

---

Warton and Johnson are of opinion that Milton is defective in the sense of harmony. But Warton had lost his ear by laying it down on low and swampy places, on ballads and sonnets; and Johnson was a deaf adder, coiled up in the brambles of party prejudices. He was acute and judicious, he was honest and generous, he was forbearing and humane; but he was cold when he was overshadowed.

LANDOR

---

LEONTION.

Surely, you do not say that an obscurity is worse than a defect in grammar?

EPICURUS.

I do say it: for we may discover a truth through such a defect, which we cannot through an obscurity. It is better to find the object of our researches in ill condition

than not to find it at all. We may purify the idea in our own bath, and adorn it with our own habiliments, if we can but find it, though among the slaves or clowns : whereas, if it is locked up from us in a dark chamber at the top of the house, we have only to walk down stairs again, disappointed, tired, and out of humor.

---

Where power is absent, we may find the robes of genius, but we miss the throne.

LUCIAN.

---

MARVEL.

Superficial men have no absorbing passion : there are no whirlpools in a shallow. I have often been amused at thinking in what estimation the greatest of mankind were holden by their contemporaries. Not even the most sagacious and prudent one could discover much of them, or could prognosticate their future course in the infinity of space ! Men like ourselves are permitted to stand near, and indeed in the



## LITERATURE AND CRITICISM.



FAME often rests at first upon something accidental; and often, too, is swept away, or for a time removed: but neither genius nor glory is conferred at once; nor do they glimmer and fall, like drops in a grotto, at a shout. Their foundations, in the beginning, may be scooped away by the slow machinery of malicious labor; but, after a season, they increase with every surge that comes against them, and harden at every tempest to which they are exposed.

LANDOR.

---

Peace, peace! my modest Newton! Perhaps I, by being too much an estimator of it, have overvalued the clearest head and the purest tongue of antiquity. My Lord Justice Coke, and probably the more learned

Selden, would have ridiculed and reprov'd us, had we dared entertain in their presence a doubt of Cicero's superiority over Bacon. No very great man ever reached the standard of his greatness in the crowd of his contemporaries. This hath always been reserved for the secondary. There must either be something of the vulgar, something in which the commonalty can recognize their own features, or there must be a laxity, a jealousy, an excitement stimulating a false appetite. Your brief review of the *Essays* hath brought back to my recollection so much of shrewd judgment, so much of rich imagery, such a profusion of truths so plain, as (without his manner of exhibiting them) to appear almost unimportant, that, in the various high qualities of the human mind, I must acknowledge not only Cicero, but every prose writer among the Greeks, to stand far below him. Cicero is least valued for his highest merits, his fulness and his perspicuity. Bad judges (and how few are not so!) desire in composition the concise and the obscure, not knowing that the one most frequently arises from paucity of materials, and the other from inability to man-

age and dispose them. Have you never observed that, among the ignorant in painting, dark pictures are usually called the finest in the collection, and gray-bearded heads, fit only for the garret, are preferred to the radiance of light and beauty? Have you yourself never thought, before you could well measure and calculate, that books and furniture thrown about a room, appeared to be in much greater quantities than when they were arranged? At every step we take to gain the approbation of the wise, we lose something in the estimation of the vulgar. Look within: cannot we afford it?

The minds of few can take in the whole of a great author, and fewer can draw him close enough to another for just commensuration. A fine passage may strike us less forcibly than one beneath it in beauty, from less sensibility in us at the moment; whence less enthusiasm, less quickness of perception, less capacity, less hold. You have omitted to remark some of the noblest things in Bacon, often, I believe, because there is no power of judgment to be shown in the expression of admiration, and per-



very presence of Milton: what do they see? dark clothes, gray hair, and sightless eyes! Other men have better things: other men, therefore, are nobler! The stars themselves are only bright by distance; go close, and all is earthy. But vapours illuminate these: from the breath and from the countenance of God, comes light on worlds higher than they; worlds to which he has given the forms and names of Shakspeare and of Milton.

PARKER.

After all, I doubt whether much of his doctrine is remaining in the public mind.

MARVEL.

Others are not inclined to remember all that we remember, and will not attend to us if we propose to tell them half. Water will take up but a certain quantity of salt, even of the finest and purest. If the short memories of men are to be quoted against the excellence of instruction, your lordship would never have censured them from the pulpit for forgetting what was delivered by their Saviour. It is much, my lord bishop, that you allow my friend even the pittance

of praise you have bestowed ; for, if you will permit me to express my sentiments in verse, which I am in the habit of doing, I would say,

Men, like the ancient kalends, nones, and ides,  
Are reckoned backward, and the first stand last.

I am confident that Milton is heedless of how little weight he is held by those who are of none ; and that he never looks toward those somewhat more eminent, between whom and himself there have crept the waters of oblivion. As the pearl ripens in the obscurity of its shell, so ripens in the tomb all the fame that is truly precious. In fame he will be happier than in friendship. Were it possible that one among the faithful of the angels could have suffered wounds and dissolution in his conflict with the false, I should scarcely feel greater awe at discovering on some bleak mountain the bones of this our mighty defender, once shining in celestial panoply, once glowing at the trumpet-blast of God, but not proof against the desperate and the damned, than I have felt at entering the humble abode of Milton, whose spirit already reaches heaven, yet whose corporeal frame hath no

quiet or safe resting-place here below. And shall not I, who loved him early, have the lonely and sad privilege to love him still? or shall fidelity to power be a virtue, and fidelity to tribulation an offence?

---

## VITTORIA.

To the glory of our Italy be it spoken, we are less detractive than our forefathers, the Romans. Dante and Petrarca were estimated highly by those nearest them. Indeed, to confess the truth, Petrarca has received for his poetry what ought rather to have been awarded him for rarer and sublimer deserts. Dante has fared less sumptuously, and there are fewer who could entertain him. Petty Latin things called *classics*, as their betters are, smooth, round, light, hollow, regularly figured like paste-board zodiacs, were long compared, and even preferred to the triple world of Dante. I speak not of Grecian literature, because I know it not sufficiently; but I imagine Rome is to Greece what a bull-ring is to a palæstra, the games of the circus to the

Olympic, fighting bondmen to the brothers of Helen, the starry twins of Jupiter and Leda.

MICHEL-ANGELO.

Boccaccio first scattered the illusion by which the guide seemed loftier and grander than the guided. The spirit of the immortal master, our Tuscan, no longer led by the hand, nor submissively following, soared beyond Italy, and is seen at last, in his just proportions, right against the highest pinnacle of Greece.

---

I would not interrupt you, Doctor ; thinking it of all things the most indecorous. England has many great writers, Rome has many ; but languages do not retain their purity in the hands even of these. Whenever I think of Greece, I think with astonishment and awe ; for the language and the nation seem indestructible. Long before Homer, and from Homer to Epicuretus, there must have been an uninterrupted series of admirable authors, although we have lost the earliest of them, both be-

fore the poet and after. For no language can hold its breath one whole century: it becomes, if not extinct, very defective and corrupted, if no great writer fosters it and gives it exercise in that period. What a variety of beauty, what a prodigality and exuberance of it in the Greek! Even in its last age it exists in all its freshness. The letter which the mother of Saint Chrysostom addressed to that enthusiast, in his youth, is far more eloquent, far more powerful in thought and sentiment, than any thing in Xenophon or Plato. That it is genuine cannot be doubted; for it abounds in tenderness, which saints never do, and is concise, which Chrysostom is not.

TOOKE.

---

For any high or any wide operation, a poet must be endued, not with passion indeed, but with power and mastery over it; with imagination, with reflection, with observation, and with discernment. There are, however, some things in poetry which admit few of these qualities. Comedy, for instance, would evaporate under too fervid

a fancy: and the sounds of the Ode would be dulled and deadened by being too closely overarched with the fruitage of reflection. Homer, in himself, is subject to none of the passions; but he sends them all forth on his errands, with as much precision and velocity as Apollo his golden arrows. The hostile Gods, the very Fates themselves, must have wept with Priam in the tent before Achilles: Homer stands unmoved.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

---

SOUTHEY.

Harmonious words render ordinary ideas acceptable; less ordinary, pleasant; novel and ingenious ones, delightful. As pictures and statues, and living beauty, too, show better by *music-light*, so is poetry irradiated, vivified, glorified, and raised into immortal life, by harmony.

PORSON.

Ay, Mr. Southey, and another thing may be noticed. The Muses should be as slow to loosen the zone as the Graces are. The poetical form, like the human, to be beau-

tiful, must be succinct. When we grow corpulent, we are commonly said to *lose our figure*. By this loss of figure we are reduced and weakened. So, there not being bone nor muscle, nor blood enough in your client, to rectify and support his accretions, he collapses into unswathable flabbiness. We must never disturb him in this condition, which appears to be thought, in certain parts of the country, as much a peculiar mark of Heaven's favour, as idiocy is among the Turks. I have usually found his sticklers, like those good folks, dogmatical and dull. One of them lately tried to persuade me that he never is so highly poetical as when he is deeply metaphysical. When I stared, he smiled benignly, and said, with a deep sigh that relieved us both, "Ah! you may be a Grecian!" He then quoted fourteen German poets of the first order, and expressed his compassion for Æschylus and Homer.

## SOUTHEY.

What a blessing are metaphysics to our generation! A poet or other who can make nothing clear, can stir up enough

sediment to render the bottom of a basin as invisible as the deepest gulf in the Atlantic. The shallowest pond, if turbid, has depth enough for a goose to hide its head in.

---

That which moveth the heart most is the best poetry ; it comes nearest unto God, the source of all power.

---

#### VITTORIA.

There are various kinds of greatness, as we all know ; however, the most part of those who profess one species is ready to acknowledge no other. The first and chief is intellectual. But surely those also are to be admitted into the number of the eminently great, who move large masses by action, by throwing their own ardent minds into the midst of popular assemblies or conflicting armies : compelling, directing, and subjecting. This greatness is, indeed, far from so desirable as that which shines serenely from above, to be our hope, comfort,



and guidance ; to lead us, in spirit, from a world of sad realities into one fresh from the poet's hand, and blooming with all the variety of his creation. Hence the most successful generals, and the most powerful kings, will always be considered by the judicious and dispassionate as invested with less dignity, less extensive and enduring authority, than great philosophers and great poets.

MICHEL-ANGELO.

By the wise, indeed ; but little men, like little birds, are attracted and caught by false light.

VITTORIA.

It was beautifully and piously said, in days of old, that, wherever a spring rises from the earth, an altar should be erected. Ought not we, my friend, to bear the same veneration to the genius which springs from obscurity into the loneliness of lofty places, and which descends to irrigate the pastures of the mind with a perennial freshness and vivifying force ? If great poets build their own temples, as indeed they do, let us at least offer up to them our praises and thanksgivings, and hope to render them

acceptable by the purest incense of the heart.

MICHEL-ANGELO.

First, we must find the priests, for ours are inconvertible from their crumbling altars. Too surely are we without an Aristoteles to precede and direct them.

VITTORIA.

We want him not only for poetry, but philosophy. Much of the dusty perfumery, which thickened, for a season, the pure air of Attica, was dissipated by his breath. Calm reasoning, deep investigation, patient experiment, succeeded to contentious quibbles and trivial irony. The sun of Aristoteles dispersed the unwholesome vapor that arose from the garden of Academus. Instead of spectral demons, instead of the monstrous progeny of mystery and immodesty, there arose tangible images of perfect symmetry. Homer was recalled from banishment: Æschylus followed: the choruses bowed before him, divided, and took their stand. Symphonies were heard; what symphonies! So powerful as to lighten the chain that Jupiter had riveted on his rival.

The conquerors of kings, until then omnipotent—kings who had trampled on the towers of Babylon, and had shaken the eternal sanctuaries of Thebes—the conquerors of these kings bowed their olive-crowned heads to the sceptre of Destiny, and their tears ran profusely over the immeasurable wilderness of human woes.

---

Aspasia ! I foresee that henceforward you will admire the tragedy of Prometheus more than ever. But do not tell any one, excepting so fond a friend as Cleone, that you prefer the author to Homer. I agree with you that the conception of such a drama is in itself a stupendous effort of genius ; that the execution is equal to the conception ; that the character of Prometheus is more heroic than any in heroic poetry ; and that no production of the same extent is so magnificent and so exalted. But the Iliad is not a region ; it is a continent ; and you might as well compare this prodigy to it as the cataract of the Nile to the Ocean. In the one, we are overpow-

ered by the compression and burst of the element; in the other, we are carried over an immensity of space, bounding the earth, not bounded by her, and having nothing above but the heavens.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

---

It can be held no flaw in the title-deeds of genius, if the same thoughts reappear as have been exhibited long ago. The indisputable sign of defect should be looked for in the proportion they bear to the unquestionably original. There are ideas which necessarily must occur to minds of the like magnitude and materials, aspect and temperature. When two ages are in the same phasis, they will excite the same humors, and produce the same coincidences and combinations. In addition to which, a great poet may really borrow: he may even condescend to an obligation at the hand of an equal or inferior: but he forfeits his title if he borrows more than the amount of his own possessions. The nightingale himself takes somewhat of his song from birds less glorified: and the lark, having beaten

with her wing the very gates of heaven, cools her breast among the grass. The lowlier of intellect may lay out a table in their field, at which table the highest one shall sometimes be disposed to partake : want does not compel him. Imitation, as we call it, is often weakness, but it likewise is often sympathy.

PETRARCA.

---

A great poet represents a great portion of the human race. Nature delegated to Shakspeare the interests and direction of the whole : to Milton a smaller part, but with plenary power over it ; and she bestowed on him such fervour and majesty of eloquence as on no other mortal in any age.

SOUTHEY.

---

EUBULIDES.

In your language, O Demosthenes, there is, I think, a resemblance to the Kephisos, whose waters, as you must have observed, are, in most seasons, pure and limpid and

equable in their course, yet abounding in depths, of which, when we discern the bottom, we wonder that we discern it so clearly : the same river, at every storm, swells into a torrent, without ford or boundary, and is the stronger and more impetuous from resistance.

DEMOSTHENES.

Language is part of a man's character.

---

A great poet is more powerful than Sesostris, and a wicked one more formidable than Phalaris.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

---

I am pleased with your little note, and hope you may live to write a commentary on the same author. You speak with your usual judgment, in commending our historian for his discretion in metaphors. Not indeed that his language is without them, but they are rare, impressive, and distinct. History wants them occasionally ; in oratory they are nearly as requisite as in

poetry ; they come opportunely wherever the object is persuasion or intimidation, and no less where delight stands foremost. In writing a letter, I would neither seek nor reject one : but I think, if more than one came forward, I might decline its services. If, however, it had come in unawares, I would take no trouble to send it away. But we should accustom ourselves to think always with propriety, in little things as in great, and neither be too solicitous of our dress in the house, nor negligent because we are at home. I think it as improper and indecorous to write a stupid or a silly note to you, as one in a bad hand or on coarse paper. Familiarity ought to have another and worse name, when it relaxes in its attentiveness to please.

PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

---

Give me Chaucer in preference to Spenser. He slaps us on the shoulder, and makes us spring up while the dew is on the grass, and while the long shadows play about in all quarters. We feel strong with

the freshness round us, and we return with a keener appetite, having such a companion in our walk. Among the English poets, both on this side and the other side of Milton, I place him next to Shakspeare; but the word *next* must have nothing to do with the word *near*. I said before, that I do not estimate so highly as many do, the mushrooms that sprang up in a ring under the great oak of Arden.

PORSON.

---

Greville! Greville! it is better to suffer than to lose the power of suffering. The perception of beauty, grace, and virtue, is not granted to all alike. There are more who are contented in an ignoble union on the flat beaten earth before us, than there are who, equally disregarding both unfavorable and favorable clamors, make for themselves room to stand on an elevated and sharp-pointed summit, and thence to watch the motions and scintillations, and occasional overcloudings, of some bright distant star. Is it nothing to have been taught, apart from the vulgar, those grace-



ful submissions which afford us a legitimate pride when we render them to the worthy? Is there no privilege in electing our own sovran? no pleasure in bending heart and soul before her? I will never believe that age itself can arrest so vivid an emotion, or that his death-bed is hard or uneasy, who can bring before it even the empty image he has long (though in vain) adored. That life has not been spent idly which has been mainly spent in conciliating the generous affections, by such studies and pursuits as best furnish the mind for their reception. How many, who have abandoned for public life the studies of philosophy and poetry, may be compared to brooks and rivers, which, in the beginning of their course, have assuaged our thirst, and have invited us to tranquillity by their bright resemblance of it, and which afterward partake the nature of that vast body whereinto they run, its dreariness, its bitterness, its foam, its storms, its everlasting noise and commotion! I have known several such; and when I have innocently smiled at them, their countenances seemed to say, "I wish I could despise you: but alas! I am a run-

away slave, and from the best of mistresses to the worst of masters; I serve at a tavern where every hour is dinner time, and pick a bone upon a silver dish." And what is acquired by the more fortunate among them? they may put on a robe, and use a designation which I have no right to: my cook and footman may do the same: one has a white apron, the other has red hose; I should be quite as much laughed at if I assumed them. A sense of inferior ability is painful: this I feel most at home: I could not do nearly so well what my domestics do; what the others do I could do better. My blushes are not at the superiority I have given myself, but at the comparison I must go through to give it.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

---

LA FONTAINE.

M. Hobbes has taken advantage of these weaknesses. In his dissertation, he betrays the timidity and malice of his character. It must be granted, he reasons well, according to the view he has taken of things; but

he has given no proof whatever that his view is a correct one. I will believe that it is, when I am persuaded that sickness is the natural state of the body, and health the unnatural. If you call him a sound philosopher, you may call a mummy a sound man. Its darkness, its hardness, its forced uprightness, and the place in which you find it, may commend it to you : give me rather some weakness and peccability, with vital warmth and human sympathies. A shrewd reasoner is one thing, a sound philosopher is another. I admire your power and precision. Monks will admonish us how little the author of the *Maxims* knows of the world ; and heads of colleges will cry out, "a libel on human nature !" but when they hear your titles, and, above all, your credit at court, they will cast back cowl and peruke, and lick your boots. You start with great advantages. Throwing off from a dukedom, you are suré of enjoying, if not the tongue of these puzzlers, the full cry of the more animating, and will certainly be as long-lived as the imperfection of our language will allow. I consider your *Maxims* as a broken ridge

of hills, on the shady side of which you are fondest of taking your exercise : but the same ridge hath also a sunny one. You attribute (let me say it) all actions to self-interest. Now a sentiment of interest must be preceded by calculation, long or brief, right or erroneous. Tell me, then, in what region lies the origin of that pleasure which a family in the country feels on the arrival of an unexpected friend. I say a family in the country ; because the sweetest souls, like the sweetest flowers, soon canker in cities, and no purity is rarer there than the purity of delight. If I may judge from the few examples I have been in a position to see, no earthly one can be greater. There are pleasures which lie near the surface, and which are blocked up by artificial ones, or are diverted by some mechanical scheme, or are confined by some stiff evergreen vista of low advantage. But these pleasures do occasionally burst forth in all their brightness ; and, if ever you shall by chance find one of them, you will sit by it, I hope, complacently and cheerfully, and turn toward it the kindest aspect of your meditations.

## ROCHEFOUCAULT.

Many, indeed most people, will differ from me. Nothing is quite the same to the intellect of any two men, much less of all. When one says to another, "I am entirely of your opinion," he uses, in general, an easy and indifferent phrase, believing in its accuracy, without examination, without thought. The nearest resemblance in opinions, if we could trace every line of it, would be found greatly more divergent than the nearest in the human form or countenance, and in the same proportion as the varieties of mental qualities are more numerous and fine than of the bodily. Hence, I do not expect nor wish that my opinions should, in all cases, be similar to those of others: but in many I shall be gratified if, by just degrees, and after a long survey, those of others approximate to mine.

---

To descend from metaphor: that is the best poetry which, by its own powers, produces the greatest and most durable emotion on generous, well-informed, and

elevated minds. It often happens, that what belongs to the subject is attributed to the poet. Tenderness, melancholy, and other affections of the soul, attract us toward him who represents them to us; and while we hang upon his neck, we are ready to think him stronger than he is.

PORSON.

---

JOHNSON.

And pray, now, what language do you like ?

TOOKE.

The best in all countries is that which is spoken by intelligent women, of too high rank for petty affectation, and of too much request in society for deep study.

---

There is as great a difference between Shakspeare and Bacon as between an American forest and a London timber-yard. In the timber-yard, the materials are sawed and squared and set across: in the forest, we have the natural form of the tree, all its

growth, all its branches, all its leaves, all the mosses that grow about it, all the birds and insects that inhabit it; now deep shadows absorbing the whole wilderness; now bright bursting glades, with exuberant grass and flowers and fruitage; now untroubled skies; now terrific thunder-storms; everywhere multiformity, everywhere immensity.

SOUTHEY.

---

It appears to me, however, that there is as much difference between tragedy and comedy as between the heavens and the clouds; and that comedy draws its life from its mobility. We must take manners as we find them, and copy from the individual, not the species.

MARVEL.

---

Milton has equal strength, without an abatement of beauty: not a sinew sharp or rigid, not a vein varicose or inflated. Hercules killed robbers and ravishers with his knotted club; he cleansed also royal sta-

bles, by turning whole rivers into them: Apollo, with no labor or effort, overcame the Python; brought round him, in the full accordance of harmony, all the Muses; and illuminated, with his sole splendor, the universal world. Such is the difference I see between Demosthenes and Milton.

SOUTHEY.

---

PORSON.

Cowper plays in the playground, and not in the churchyard. Nothing of his is out of place or out of season. He possessed a rich vein of ridicule, but he turned it to good account, opening it on prig parsons, and graver and worse impostors. He was among the first to put to flight the mischievous little imps of allegory, so cherished and fondled by the Wartons. They are as bad in poetry as mice in a cheese-room. You poets are still rather too fond of the unsubstantial. Some will have nothing else than what they call pure imagination. Now, air-plants ought not to fill the whole conservatory; other plants, I would modestly suggest, are worth culti-



vating, which send their roots pretty deep into the ground. I hate both poetry and wine without body. Look at Shakspeare, Bacon, and Milton ; were these your pure-  
imagination-men ? The least of them, whichever it was, carried a jewel of poetry about him, worth all his tribe that came after. Did the two of them who wrote in verse build upon nothing ? Did their predecessors ? And, pray, whose daughter was the muse they invoked ? Why, Memory's. They stood among substantial men, and sang upon recorded actions. The plain of Scamander, the promontory of Sigæum, the palaces of Tros and Dardanus, the citadel in which the Fates sang mournfully under the image of Minerva, seem fitter places for the Muses to alight on, than artificial rockwork or than faery-rings. But your great favorite, I hear, is Spenser, who shines in allegory, and who, like an aerolithe, is dull and heavy when he descends to the ground.

SOUTHEY.

He continues a great favorite with me still, although he must always lose a little as our youth declines. Spenser's is a spa-

cious but somewhat low chamber, hung with rich tapestry, on which the figures are mostly disproportioned, but some of the faces are lively and beautiful; the furniture is part creaky and worm-eaten, part fragrant with cedar and sandal-wood, and aromatic gums and balsams; every table and mantel-piece and cabinet is covered with gorgeous vases, and birds, and dragons, and houses in the air.

---

Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem so deep as they are: the turbid look the most profound.

SOUTHEY.

---

The younger will be the most reluctant. There are poets among us who mistake, in themselves, the freckles of the hay-fever for beauty-spots. In another half century their volumes will be inquired after; but only for the sake of cutting out an illuminated letter from the title-page, or of transplanting the willow at the end, that hangs so prettily over the tomb of Amaryllis. If they wish

to be healthy and vigorous, let them open their bosoms to the breezes of Sunium; for the air of Latium is heavy and overcharged. Above all, they must remember two admonitions; first, that sweet things hurt digestion; secondly, that great sails are ill adapted to small vessels. What is there lovely in poetry, unless there be moderation and composure? Are they not better than the hot, uncontrollable harlotry of a flaunting, dishevelled enthusiasm? Whoever has the power of creating, has likewise the inferior power of keeping his creation in order. The best poets are the most impressive, because their steps are regular; for without regularity there is neither strength nor state. Look at Sophocles, look at Æschylus, look at Homer.

BOCCACCIO.

---

Pardon me my unusual fault of quoting. Before I let fall a quotation I must be taken by surprise. I seldom do it in conversation, seldomer in composition; for it mars the beauty and unity of style, especially when it invades it from a foreign

tongue. A quoter is either ostentatious of his acquirements, or doubtful of his cause. And, moreover, he never walks gracefully who leans upon the shoulder of another, however gracefully that other may walk. Herodotus, Plato, Aristoteles, Demosthenes, are no quoters. Thucydides, twice or thrice, inserts a few sentences of Pericles: but Thucydides is an emanation of Pericles, somewhat less clear, indeed, being lower, although at no great distance from that purest and most pellucid source.

LUCIAN.

---

I delight in the diffusion of learning; yet, I must confess it, I am most gratified and transported at finding a large quantity of it in one place: just as I would rather have a solid pat of butter at breakfast, than a splash of grease upon the tablecloth that covers half of it.

PORSON.

---

Our critics are onion-eaters by the Pyramids of Poetry. They sprawl along the

sands, without an idea how high and wonderful are the edifices above, whose base is solid as the earth itself, and whose summits are visible over a hundred ages.

SOUTHEY.

---

Of all studies, the most delightful and the most useful is biography. The seeds of great events lie near the surface; historians delve too deep for them. No history was ever true. Lives I have read, which, if they were not, had the appearance, the interest, and the utility of truth.

QUINCTUS CICERO.

---

I lay it down as an axiom, that languor is the cause or the effect of the most disorders, and is itself the very worst in poetry. Wordsworth's is an instrument which has no trumpet-stop.

PORSON.

---

Whenever I find a critic or satirist vehement against the writers of his age

and country, I attribute more of his inspiration to vanity than to malignity, much as I may observe of this. No good writer was ever long neglected; no great man overlooked by men equally great. Impatience is a proof of inferior strength, and a destroyer of what little there may be.

LANDOR.

---

PLATO.

I am no writer of history.

DIOGENES.

Every great writer is a writer of history, let him treat on almost what subject he may. He carries with him, for thousands of years, a portion of his times; and indeed if only his own effigy were there, it would be greatly more than a fragment of his country.

---

Mr. Porson, it does not appear to me that any thing more is necessary, in the first instance, than to interrogate our hearts in what manner they have been affected. If

the ear is satisfied; if at one moment a tumult is aroused in the breast, and tranquillized at another, with a perfect consciousness of equal power exerted in both cases; if we rise up from the perusal of the work with a strong excitement to thought, to imagination, to sensibility; above all, if we sat down with some propensities toward evil, and walk away with much stronger toward good, in the midst of a world which we never had entered and of which we never had dreamed before, shall we perversely put on again the *old man* of criticism, and dissemble that we have been conducted by a most beneficent and most potent genius?

SOUTHEY.

---

His words\* are always elegant, his sentences always sonorous, his attacks always vigorous, and rarely (although I may be a sufferer by admitting it) misplaced. However, those only can be called great writers, who bring to bear on their subject more than a few high faculties of the mind. I

\* The author of "Junius."

require in him whom I am to acknowledge for such, accuracy of perception, variety of mood, of manner, and of cadence; imagination, reflection, force, sweetness, copiousness, depth, perspicuity. I require in him a princely negligence of little things, and a proof that although he seizes much, he leaves much (alike within his reach) unappropriated and untouched. Let me see nothing too trim, nothing quite incondite. Equal solicitude is not to be exerted upon all ideas; some are brought into the fulness of light, some are adumbrated: so on the beautiful plant of our conservatories, a part is in fruit, a part in blossom; not a branch is leafless, not a spray is naked.

TOOKE.

---

I never ask nor consider nor care of what party is a good man or a good writer. I have always been an admirer of Addison, and the oftener I read him, I mean his prose, the more he pleases me. Perhaps it is not so much his style, which, however, is easy and graceful and harmonious, as the sweet temperature of thought in which we



always find him, and the attractive countenance, if you will allow me the expression, with which he meets me upon every occasion. It is very remarkable, and therefore I stopped to notice it, that not only what little strength he had, but even all his grace and ease, forsake him when he ventures into poetry: he is even coarse and abject, and copies the grammatical faults of his predecessors, without copying any thing else of their manner, good or bad.

TOOKE.

---

DEMOSTHENES.

It is permitted me, I trust, O Eubulides, to indulge in a flowery and flowing robe when I descend from the bema, and relax my limbs in the cool retirement at home. If I did it in public I should be powerless; for there is paralysis in derision. Plainness and somewhat of austerity ought to be habitual with the orator. If he relinquishes them rarely, when he *does* relinquish them he gains the affections of his audience by his heartiness, warmth, and condescension. But sentences well measured and well

moulded are never thrown away on the meanest of the Athenians : and many of them, perhaps, are as sensible of the variety I give to mine as the most delicate of the critics, and are readier to do me justice.

## EUBULIDES.

It appears to be among the laws of Nature, that the mighty of intellect should be pursued and carped by the little, as the solitary flight of one great bird is followed by the twittering petulance of many smaller.

## DEMOSTHENES.

The higher and richer bank is corroded by the stream, which is gentle to the flat and barren sand : and philosophers tell us that mountains are shaken by the vilest of the minerals below them.

---

Gibbon's manner, which many have censured, I think, in general, well suited to the work. In the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," there is too much to sadden and disgust : a smile in such a narrative

on some occasions, is far from unacceptable: if it should be succeeded by a sneer, it is not the sneer of bitterness, which falls not on debility; nor of triumph, which accords not with contempt. The colors, it is true, are gorgeous, like those of the setting sun; and such were wanted. The style is much swayed by the sentiment. Would that which is proper for the historian of Fabius and Scipio, of Hannibal and Pyrrhus, be proper, too, for Augustulus and the Popes?

LANDOR.

---

If what is occult must be occult forever, why throw away words about it? Employ on every occasion the simplest and easiest, and range them in the most natural order. Thus they will serve thee faithfully, bringing thee many hearers and readers from the intellectual and uncorrupted. All popular orators, victorious commanders, crowned historians, and poets above crowning, have done it. Homer, for the glory of whose birthplace none but the greatest cities dared contend, is alike the highest and the easiest in poetry. Herodotus, who brought into

Greece more knowledge of distant countries than any, or indeed than all, before him, is the plainest and gracefulest in prose. Aristoteles, thy scholar, is possessor of a long and lofty treasury, with many windings and many vaults at the sides of them, abstruse and dark. He is unambitious of displaying his wealth; and few are strong-wristed enough to turn the key of his iron chests. Whenever he presents to his reader one full-blown thought, there are several buds about it which are to open in the cool of the study; and he makes you learn more than he teaches.

—  
DIOGENES.

Do not fear to be less rich in the productions of your mind at one season than at another. Marshes are always marshes, and pools are pools; but the sea, in those places where we admire it most, is sometimes sea and sometimes dry land; sometimes it brings ships into port, and sometimes it leaves them where they can be refitted and equipped. The capacious mind neither rises nor sinks, neither labors nor rests, in vain.

Even in those intervals when it loses the consciousness of its powers, when it swims, as it were, in vacuity, and feels not what is external nor internal, it acquires or recovers strength, as the body does by sleep. Never try to say things admirably ; try only to say them plainly ; for your business is with the considerate philosopher, and not with the polemical assembly. If a thing can be demonstrated two ways, demonstrate it in both : one will please this man best, the other that ; and pleasure, if obvious and unsought, is never to be neglected by those appointed from above to lead us into knowledge. Many will readily mount stiles and gates to walk along a footpath in a field, whom the very sight of a bare public road would disincline and weary ; and yet the place whereto they travel lies at the end of each. Your studies are of a nature unsusceptible of much decoration : otherwise it would be my duty and my care to warn you against it, not merely as idle and unnecessary, but as obstructing your intent. The fond of wine are little fond of the sweet or of the new : the fond of learning are no fonder of its must than of its dregs.

Something of the severe hath always been appertaining to order and to grace : and the beauty that is not too liberal is sought the most ardently, and loved the longest. The Graces have their zones, and Venus her cestus. In the writings of the philosopher are the frivolities of ornament the most ill-placed ; in you would they be particularly, who, promising to lay open before us an infinity of worlds, should turn aside to display the petals of a double pink.

BARROW.

---

SOUTHEY.

Before we open the volume of poetry, let me confess to you I admire his prose\* less than you do.

LANDOR.

Probably because you dissent more widely from the opinions it conveys : for those who are displeased with any thing are unable to confine the displeasure to one spot. We dislike every thing a little when we dislike any thing much. It must indeed be admitted that his prose is too often too lat-

\* Milton's.

inized and stiff. But I prefer his heavy cut velvet, with its ill-placed Roman fibula, to the spangled gauze and gummed-on flowers and puffy flounces of our present street-walking literature. So do you, I am certain.

---

There are few, comparatively, whom nature has gifted with intuition or exquisite taste; few whose ideas have been drawn, modelled, marked, chiselled, and polished, in a *studio* well lighted from above. The opinion of a thousand millions who are ignorant or ill-informed, is not equal to the opinion of only one who is wiser. This is too self-evident for argument; yet we hear about the common sense of mankind! A common sense which, unless the people receive it from their betters, leads them only into common error. If such is the case, and we have the testimony of all ages for it, in matters which have most attracted their attention, matters in which their nearest interests are mainly concerned, in politics, in religion, in the education of their families, how greatly, how surpass-

ingly, must it be in those which require a peculiar structure of understanding, a peculiar endowment of mind, a peculiar susceptibility, and almost undivided application. In what regards poetry, I should just as soon expect a sound judgment of its essentials from a boatman or a wagoner, as from the usual set of persons we meet in society.

SOUTHEY.

---

PHOCION.

I have observed in Demosthenes and Thucydides, that they lay it down as a rule, never to say what they have reason to suppose would occur to the auditor and reader in consequence of any thing said before, knowing every one to be more pleased and more easily led by us, when we bring forward his thoughts indirectly and imperceptibly than when we elbow and outstrip them with our own. The sentences of your adversary are stout and compact as the Macedonian phalanx, animated and ardent as the sacred band of Thebes. Praise him, *Æschines*, if you wish to be victorious; if you acknowledge you are vanquished, then



revile him and complain. In composition, I know not a superior to him; and in an assembly of the people he derives advantages from his defects themselves, from the violence of his action and from the vulgarity of his mien. Permit him to possess these advantages over you; look on him as a wrestler whose body is robust, but whose feet rest upon something slippery; use your dexterity, and reserve your blows. Consider him, if less excellent as a statesman, citizen, or soldier, rather as a genius or demon, who, whether beneficent or malignant, hath, from an elevation far above us, launched forth many new stars into the firmament of mind.

ÆSCHINES.

O that we had been born in other days!  
The best men always fall upon the worst.

PHOCION.

The Gods have not granted us, Æschines, the choice of being born when we would; that of dying when we would they have. Thank them for it, as one among the most excellent of their gifts, and remain or go,

as utility or dignity may require. Whatever can happen to a wise and virtuous man from his worst enemy, whatever is most dreaded by the inconsiderate and irresolute, has happened to him frequently from himself, and not only without his inconvenience, but without his observation. We are prisoners as often as we bolt our doors, exiles as often as we walk to Munychia, and dead as often as we sleep. It would be a folly and a shame to argue that these things are voluntary, and that what our enemy imposes are not: they should be the more, if they befall us from necessity, unless necessity be a weaker reason than caprice. In fine, *Æschines*, I shall then call the times bad when they make me so: at present they are to be borne, as must be the storm that follows them.

---

TIMOTHEUS.

Quibbles upon words!

LUCIAN.

On words, on quibbles, if you please to call distinctions so, rests the axis of the

intellectual world. A winged word hath struck ineradicably in a million hearts, and envenomed every hour throughout their hard pulsation. On a winged word hath hung the destiny of nations. On a winged word hath human wisdom been willing to cast the immortal soul, and to leave it dependent for all its future happiness. It is because a word is unsusceptible of explanation, or because they who employed it were impatient of any, that enormous evils have prevailed, not only against our common sense, but against our common humanity.

---

JOHNSON.

Better those than vulgarisms ?

TOOKE.

There we disagree. No expression can become a vulgarism which has not a broad foundation. The language of the vulgar hath its source in physics : in known, comprehended, and operative things : the language of those who are just above the vulgar is less pure, as flowing from what

they do not in general comprehend. Hence the profusion of broken and ill-assorted metaphors, which we find in the conversation of almost all who stand in the intermediate space between the lettered and the lowest.

---

DE LILLE.

I owe to Voltaire my first sentiment of admiration for Milton and Shakspeare.

LANDOR.

He stuck to them as a woodpecker to an old forest-tree, only for the purpose of picking out what was rotten: he has made the holes deeper than he found them, and, after all his cries and chatter, has brought home but scanty sustenance to his starveling nest.

---

Ariosto is too marked in his features to be fondled, and too broad in his shoulders for the chairs they occupy. He is to Ovid what Sicily is to Italy; divided by a narrow channel; the same warm climate, the

same flowery glebe ; less variety, less extent. Not only these, but perhaps all poets, excepting Pindar and Æschylus, want compression and curtailment ; yet the parings of some would be worth the pulp of others.

MICHAEL-ANGELO.

---

I must remark to you, Callisthenes, that among the writers of luxuriant and florid prose, however rich and fanciful, there never was one who wrote good poetry. Imagination seems to start back when they would lead her into a narrower walk, and to forsake them at the first prelude of the lyre.

ARISTOTLE.

---

But that truths also, and most important ones, are conveyed by poetry, is quite as certain as that fallacies, and the most capacious and quibbling fallacies, are conveyed by Plato : more certain nothing can be. If the poet has a conception of things as they emanate from the divine mind, whether it is at third hand or at thirtieth, as long as nothing distorts or disturbs them, what mat-

ters it ? The image or archetype is God's : he impresses it on things : the poet represents the things as they are impressed on his mind by the hand of the Creator. Now, if this is done, the distance from truth is not remote. But there is a truth, accommodated to our nature, which poetry best conveys. There is a truth for the reason ; there is a truth for the passions ; there is a truth for every character of man. Shakespeare has rendered this clear and luminous, over all the stumps and stumbling-blocks and lighter brushwood and briars thrown across the path by the puerile trickery of Plato.

CHATHAM.

---

My Leontion ! you have inadvertently given me the reason and origin of all controversial writings. They flow not from a love of truth or a regard for science, but from envy and ill-will. Setting aside the evil of malignity, always hurtful to ourselves, not always to others, there is weakness in the argument you have adduced. When a writer is praised above his merits

in his own time, he is certain of being estimated below them in the times succeeding. Paradox is dear to most people: it bears the appearance of originality, but is usually the talent of the superficial, the perverse, and the obstinate.

EPICURUS.

---

MARVEL.

It appears to me that Homer is to Milton what a harp is to an organ; though a harp under the hand of Apollo.

PARKER.

I have always done him justice: I have always called him a learned man.

MARVEL.

Call him henceforward the most glorious one that ever existed upon earth. If two, Bacon and Shakspeare, have equalled him in diversity and intensity of power, did either of these spring away with such resolution from the sublimest heights of genius, to liberate and illuminate with patient labor the manacled human race? And what

is his recompense? The same recompense as all men like him have received, and will receive for ages. Persecution follows Righteousness: the Scorpion is next in succession to Libra. The fool, however, who ventures to detract from Milton's genius, in the night which now appears to close on him, will, when the dawn has opened on his dull ferocity, be ready to bite off a limb, if he might thereby limp away from the trap he has prowled into. Among the gentler, the better, and the wiser, few have entered yet the awful structure of his mind; few comprehend, few are willing to contemplate, its vastness. Politics now occupy scarcely a closet in it. We seldom are inclined to converse on them; and, when we do, it is jocosely rather than austere. For even the bitterest berries grow less acrid when they have been hanging long on the tree.

---

Nothing is easier to men of genius, nothing more certainly a proof and part of it, than to compose what raises men's wonder and admiration: nothing more difficult than



to show them distinctly the simplest and most obvious truth. They can no better see or comprehend it than they can see or comprehend the air, until thou hast quickened their sight by purifying their affections.

PENN.

---

We, however, with greater wisdom, and higher satisfaction, may survey him calmly and reverentially, as one of lofty, massy, comprehensive mind, whose failings myriads have partaken, whose excellences few; and we may consider him as an example, the more remarkable and striking to those we would instruct, for that very inequality and asperity of character, which many would exaggerate, and some conceal. Let us, however, rather trust Locke and Bacon: let us believe the one to be a wiser man, and the other both a wiser and a better. There is as much difference between Plato and Bacon as there is between a pliant, luxuriant twig, waving backward and forward on the summit of a tree, and a sound, stiff, well-seasoned walking-stick, with a ferule that

sticks as far as is needful into the ground, and makes every step secure. Hearing much of the poetry that is about him, I looked for it in vain: and I defy any man to fill with it, pure and impure, a couple of such pages as are usually meted out, with honest exactness and great marginal liberality, three hundred to the volume. Florid prose writers are never tolerable poets. Jeremy Taylor is an example among many: his poetry is even worse, if possible, than the austere Hobbes's.

CHATHAM.

---

Poets, by the constitution of their minds, are neither acute reasoners nor firmly minded. Their vocation was allied to sycophancy from the beginning.

DIOGENES.

---

What an admirable definition have you given, unintentionally, of the worst public speaker possible, and, I will add, with equal confidence, of the worst writer. If I send to Hymettos for a hare, I expect to distin-

guish it at dinner by its flavor, as readily as before dinner by its ears and feet. The people you describe to me soak out all the juices of our dialect. Nothing is so amusing to me as to hear them talk on eloquence. No disciple at the footstool is so silent and ductile as I am at the lessons I receive ; none attends with such composure, none departs with such hilarity.

I have been careful to retain as much idiom as I could, often at the peril of being called ordinary and vulgar. Nations in a state of decay lose their idiom, which loss is always precursory to freedom. What your father and grandfather used as an elegance in conversation, is now abandoned to the populace, and every day we miss a little of our own, and collect a little from strangers : this prepares us for a more intimate union with them, in which we merge at last altogether. Every good writer has much idiom ; it is the life and spirit of language ; and none such ever entertained a fear or apprehension that strength and sublimity were to be lowered and weakened by it. Speaking to the people, I use the people's phraseology ; I temper my metal

according to the uses I intend it for. In fact, no language is very weak in its natural course, until it runs too far; and then the poorest and the richest are ineffectual equally. The habitude of pleasing by flattery makes a language soft; the fear of offending by truth makes it circuitous and conventional. Free governments, where such necessity cannot exist, will always produce true eloquence.

DEMOSTHENES.

---

Rousseau is the only musical composer that ever had a tolerable ear for prose. Music is both sunshine and irrigation to the mind; but when it occupies and covers it too long, it debilitates and corrupts it. Sometimes I have absorbed music so totally, that nothing was left of it in its own form: my ear detained none of the notes, none of the melody: they went into the heart immediately, mingled with the spirit, and lost themselves among the operations of the fancy, whose finest and most recondite springs they put simultaneously and vigorously in motion. Rousseau kept it

subordinate; which must always be done with music as well as with musicians. He excels all the moderns in the harmony of his periods.

ALFIERI.

---

SOUTHEY.

You will not countenance the critic, nor Dryden, whom he quotes, in saying that Milton "saw Nature through the spectacles of books."

LANDOR.

Unhappily, both he and Dryden saw Nature from between the houses of Fleet Street. If ever there was a poet who knew her well, and described her in all her loveliness, it was Milton. In the *Paradise Lost*, how profuse in his descriptions, as became the time and place! in the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, how exquisite and select!

Johnson asks, "What Englishman can take delight in transcribing passages, which, if they lessen the reputation of Milton, diminish, in some degree, the honor of our country!" I hope the honor of our country will always rest on truth and justice.

It is not by concealing what is wrong, that any thing right can be accomplished. There is no pleasure in transcribing such passages, but there is great utility. Inferior writers exercise no interest, attract no notice, and serve no purpose. Johnson has himself done great good by exposing great faults in great authors. His criticism on Milton's highest work is the most valuable of all his writings. He seldom is erroneous in his censures, but he never is sufficiently excited to admiration of what is purest and highest in poetry. He has this in common with common minds, (from which, however, his own is otherwise far remote,) to be pleased with what is nearly on a level with him, and to drink as contentedly a heady beverage, with its discolored froth, as what is of the best vintage. He is morbid, not only in his weakness, but in his strength. There is much to pardon, much to pity, much to respect, and no little to admire in him.

After I have been reading the *Paradise Lost*, I can take up no other poet with satisfaction. I seem to have left the music of Handel for the music of the streets, or,

at best, for drums and fifes. Although in Shakspeare there are occasional bursts of harmony no less sublime, yet, if there were many such in continuation, it would be hurtful, not only in comedy, but also in tragedy. The greater part should be equable and conversational. For, if the excitement were the same at the beginning, the middle, and the end; if, consequently, (as must be the case,) the language and versification were equally elevated throughout; any long poem would be a bad one, and, worst of all, a drama. In our English heroic verse, such as Milton has composed it, there is much greater variety of feet, of movement, of musical notes and bars, than in the Greek heroic; and the final sounds are incomparably more diversified. My predilection in youth was on the side of Homer; for I had read the *Iliad* twice, and the *Odyssea* once, before the *Paradise Lost*. Averse as I am to every thing relating to theology, and especially to the view of it thrown open by this poem, I recur to it incessantly as the noblest specimen in the world of eloquence, harmony, and genius.

## SOUTHEY.

Learned and sensible men are of opinion that the *Paradise Lost* should have ended with the words "Providence their guide." It might very well have ended there; but we are unwilling to lose sight, all at once, of our first parents. Only one more glimpse is allowed us: we are thankful for it. We have seen the natural tears they dropped; we have seen that they wiped them *soon*. And why was it? Not because the world was all before them, but because there still remained for them, under the guidance of Providence, not indeed the delights of Paradise, now lost forever, but the genial clime and calm repose of Eden.

## LANDOR.

It has been the practice, in late years, to supplant one dynasty by another, political and poetical. Within our own memory, no man had ever existed who preferred Lucretius, on the whole, to Virgil, or Dante to Homer. But the great Florentine, in these days, is extolled high above the Grecian and Milton. Few, I believe, have studied him more attentively, or with more



delight than I have; but beside the prodigious disproportion of the bad to the good, there are fundamental defects which there are not in either of the other two. In the *Divina Commedia*, the characters are without any bond of union, any field of action, any definite aim. There is no central light above the *Bolge*; and we are chilled in Paradise even at the side of *Beatrice*.

SOUTHEY.

Some poetical *Perillus* must surely have invented the *terza rima*. I feel in reading it as a school-boy feels when he is beaten over the head with a bolster.

LANDOR.


We shall hardly be in time for dinner. What should we have been if we had repeated, with just eulogiums, all the noble things in the poem we have been reading?

SOUTHEY.

They would never have weaned you from the *Mighty Mother*, who placed her turreted crown on the head of *Shakespeare*.

LANDOR.

A rib of Shakspeare would have made a Milton: the same portion of Milton, all poets born ever since.



---

I find traces in Milton of nearly all the best Latin poets, excepting Lucretius. This is singular; for there is in both of them a generous warmth and a contemptuous severity. I admire and love Lucretius. There is about him a simple majesty, a calm and lofty scorn of every thing pusillanimous and abject: and consistently with this character, his poetry is masculine, plain, concentrated, and energetic. But since invention was precluded by the subject, and glimpses of imagination could be admitted through but few and narrow apertures, it is the insanity of enthusiasm to prefer his poetical powers to those of Virgil, of Catullus, and of Ovid; in all of whom, every part of what constitutes the true poet is much more largely displayed. The excellence of Lucretius is, that his ornaments are never out of place, and are always to be

found wherever there is a place for them. Ovid knows not what to do with his, and is as fond of accumulation as the frequenter of auction-rooms. He is playful so out of season, that he reminds me of a young lady I saw at Sta. Maria Novella, who at one moment crossed herself, and at the next tickled her companion, by which process they were both put upon their speed at their prayers, and made very good and happy. Small as is the portion of glory which accrues to Milton from his Latin poetry, there are single sentences in it, ay, single images, worth all that our island had produced before. In all the volume of Buchanan, I doubt whether you can discover a glimpse of poetry ; and few sparks fly off the anvil of May.

LANDOR.

---

SALOMON.

I think differently. No satire can be excellent where displeasure is expressed with acrimony and vehemence. When satire ceases to smile it should be momen-

tarily, and for the purpose of inculcating a moral. Juvenal is hardly more a satirist than Lucan: he is indeed a vigorous and bold declaimer, but he stamps too often, and splashes up too much filth. We Italians have no delicacy in wit; we have indeed no conception of it; we fancy we must be weak if we are not offensive. The scream of Pulcinello is imitated more easily than the masterly strokes of Plautus, or the sly insinuations of Catullus and of Flaccus.

ALFIERI.

We are the least witty of men, because we are the most trifling.

SALOMON.

You would persuade me, then, that to be witty, one must be grave: this is surely a contradiction.

ALFIERI.

I would persuade you only, that banter, pun, and quibble, are the properties of light men and shallow capacities; that genuine humor and true wit require a sound and capacious mind; which is always a grave one. Contemptuousness is not incompati-

ble with them; worthless is that man who feels no contempt for the worthless, and weak who treats their emptiness as a thing of weight. At first, it may seem a paradox, but it is perfectly true, that the gravest nations have been the wittiest; and in those nations some of the gravest men. In England, Swift and Addison; in Spain, Cervantes. Rabelais and La Fontaine are recorded by their countrymen to have been *réveurs*. Few men have been graver than Pascal; few have been wittier.

---

Give me the poetical mind, the mind poetical in all things; give me the poetical heart, the heart of hope and confidence, that beats the more strongly and resolutely under the good thrown down, and raises up fabric after fabric on the same foundation.

MARVEL.

---

I would never plough porphyry; there is ground fitter for grain Alighieri is the

parent of his system, like the sun, about whom all the worlds are but particles thrown forth from him. We may write little things well, and accumulate one upon another : but never will any be justly called a great poet, unless he has treated a great subject worthily. He may be the poet of the lover and of the idler, he may be the poet of green fields or gay society ; but whoever is this can be no more. A throne is not built of birdsnests, nor do a thousand reeds make a trumpet.

BOCCACCIO.

---

Great men lose somewhat of their greatness by being near us ; ordinary men gain much. As we are drawing nigh to humble buildings, those at a distance beyond them sink below : but we may draw so nigh to the grand and elevated as to take in only a small part of the whole. I smile at reflecting on the levity with which we contemporaries often judge of those authors whom posterity will read with most admiration : such is Demosthenes. Differ as we may from him in politics, we must ac-

knowledge that no language is clearer, no thoughts more natural, no words more proper, no combinations more unexpected, no cadences more diversified and harmonious. Accustomed to consider as the best what is at once the most simple and emphatic, and knowing that what satisfies the understanding, conciliates the ear, I think him little, if at all, inferior to Aristoteles in style, though in wisdom he is as a mote to a sunbeam; and superior to my master Plato, excellent as he is: gorgeous indeed, but becomingly, like wealthy kings. Defective, however, and faulty must be the composition in prose, which you and I, with our uttermost study and attention, cannot understand. In poetry, it is not exactly so: the greater share of it must be intelligible to the multitude; but in the best, there is often an under-song of sense, which none beside the poetical mind, or one deeply versed in its mysteries, can comprehend. Euripides and Pindar have been blamed by many, who perceived not that the arrow drawn against them fell on Homer. The Gods have denied to Demosthenes many parts of genius; the urbane,

the witty, the pleasurable, the pathetic. But, O Æschines! the tree of strongest fibre and longest duration, is not looked up to for its flower nor for its leaf.

Let us praise, O Æschines, whatever we can reasonably; nothing is less laborious or irksome, no office is less importunate or nearer a sinecure. Above others, praise those who contend with you for glory, since they have already borne their suffrages to your judgment by entering on the same career. Deem it a peculiar talent, and what no three men in any age have possessed, to give each great citizen or great writer his just proportion of applause. A barbarian king, or his eunuch, can distribute equally and fairly beans and lentils; but I perceive that Æschines himself finds a difficulty in awarding just commendations.

PHOCION.

---

SOUTHEY.

Young is too often fantastical and frivolous; he pins butterflies to the pulpit cushion; he suspends against the grating of the charnel-house, colored lamps and comic



transparencies, Cupid, and the cat and the fiddle; he opens a storehouse filled with minute particles of heterogeneous wisdom, and unpalatable gobbets of ill-concocted learning, contributions from the classics, from the schoolmen, from homilies, and from farces. What you expect to be an elegy, turns out an epigram; and when you think he is bursting into tears, he laughs in your face. Do you go with him into his closet, prepared for an admonition or a rebuke, he shakes his head, and you sneeze at the powder and perfumery of his peruke. Wonder not if I prefer, to his pungent essences, the incense which Cowper burns before the altar.

PORSON.

Young was, in every sense of the word, an ambitious man. He had strength, but wasted it. Blair's Grave has more spirit in it than the same portion of the Night Thoughts; but never was poetry so ill put together; never was there so good a poem, of the same extent, from which so great a quantity of what is mere trash might be rejected. The worst blemish in it is the

ridicule and scoffs, cast not only on the violent and grasping, but equally on the gentle, the beautiful, the studious, the eloquent, and the manly. It is ugly enough, to be carried quietly to the grave; it is uglier, to be hissed and hooted into it.

---

## PETRARCA.

Middling men, favored in their lifetime by circumstances, often appear of higher stature than belongs to them; great men always of lower. Time, the sovran, invests with befitting raiment, and distinguishes with proper ensigns the familiars he has received into his eternal habitations: in these alone are they deposited: you must wait for them.

No advice is less necessary to you, than the advice to express your meaning as clearly as you can. Where the purpose of glass is to be seen through, we do not want it tinted nor wavy. In certain kinds of poetry, the case may be slightly different: such, for instance, as are intended to display the powers of association and combination

in the writer, and to invite and exercise the compass and comprehension of the intelligent. Pindar and the Attic tragedians wrote in this manner, and rendered the minds of the audience more alert and ready and capacious. They found some fit for them, and made others. Great painters have also the same task to perform. What is excellent in their art cannot be thought excellent by many, even of those who reason well on ordinary matters, and see clearly beauties elsewhere. All correct perceptions are the effect of careful practice. We little doubt that a mirror would direct us in the most familiar of our features, and that our hand would follow its guidance, until we try to cut a lock of our hair. We have no such criterion to demonstrate our liability to error in judging of poetry; a quality so rare, that perhaps no five contemporaries ever were masters of it.

BOCCACCIO.

We admire by tradition; we censure by caprice; and there is nothing in which we are more ingenious and inventive. A wrong step in politics sprains a foot in

poetry; eloquence is never so unwelcome as when it issues from a familiar voice; and praise hath no echo but from a certain distance. Our critics, who know little about them, would gaze with wonder at any thing similar, in our days, to Pindar and Sophocles, and would cast it aside as quite impracticable. They are in the right; for sonnet and canzonet charm greater numbers. There are others, or may be hereafter, to whom far other things will afford far higher gratification.

---

PETRARCA.

Why cannot we be delighted with an author, and even feel a predilection for him, without a dislike to others? An admiration of Catullus or Virgil, of Tibullus or Ovid, is never to be heightened by a discharge of bile on Horace.

BOCCACCIO.

The eyes of critics, whether in commending or carping, are both on one side, like a turbot's.

## PETRARCA.

There are some men who delight in heating themselves with wine, and others with headstrong frowardness. They are resolved to agitate the puddle of their blood by running into parties, literary or political, and espouse a champion's cause with such ardor, that they run against every thing in their way.

---

Certainly you thus throw open, to its full extent, the range of poetry and invention; which cannot but be very limited and sterile, unless where we find displayed much diversity of character as disseminated by nature, much peculiarity of sentiment as arising from position, marked with unerring skill through every shade and gradation; and finally, and chiefly, much intertexture and intensity of passion. You thus convey to us, more largely and expeditiously, the stores of your understanding and imagination, than you ever could by sonnets or canzonets, or sinewless and sapless allegories.

But weightier works are less captivating.

If you had published any such as you mention, you must have waited for their acceptance. Not only the fame of Marcellus, but every other,

*Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo;*

and that which makes the greatest vernal shoot is apt to make the least autumnal. Authors, in general, who have met celebrity at starting, have already had their reward; always their utmost due, and often much beyond it. We cannot hope for both celebrity and fame: supremely fortunate are the few who are allowed the liberty of choice between them. We two prefer the strength that springs from exercise and toil, acquiring it gradually and slowly; we leave to others the earlier blessing of that sleep which follows enjoyment. How many, at first sight, are enthusiastic in their favor! Of these, how large a portion come away empty-handed and discontented! like idlers who visit the seacoast, fill their pockets with pebbles, bright from the passing wave, and carry them off with rapture. After a short examination at home, every streak seems faint and dull, and the whole con-

texture coarse, uneven, and gritty; first one is thrown away, then another; and before the week's end the store is gone, of things so shining and wonderful.

BOCCACCIO, spoken to *Petrarca*.

**LOVE, FRIENDSHIP, AND THE  
DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.**





LOVE, FRIENDSHIP, AND THE DOMESTIC  
AFFECTIONS.



LET us love those who love us, and be contented to teach those who will hear us. Neither the voice nor the affections can extend beyond a contracted circle. But we may carry a wand with us, and mark out with it that circle in every path of life. Never in future will I let men approach too near to me. Familiarities are the aphides that imperceptibly suck out the juices intended for the germ of love.

DANTE.

---

Hope is nearly as strong as despair, and greatly more pertinacious and enduring. You have made me see clearly that you never can be mine in this world : but at

the same time, O Beatrice, you have made me see quite as clearly that you may and must be mine in another.

DANTE.

---

Laodameia died ; Helen died ; Leda, the beloved of Jupiter, went before. It is better to repose in the earth betimes than to sit up late ; better, than to cling pertinaciously to what we feel crumbling under us, and to protract an inevitable fall. We may enjoy the present, while we are insensible of infirmity and decay : but the present, like a note in music, is nothing but as it appertains to what is past and what is to come. There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the grave : there are no voices, O Rhodopè, that are not soon mute, however tuneful . there is no name, with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last.

ÆSOP.

---

Not me ; I am always afraid of it. I love those best who can tell me the most

things I never knew before, and who have patience with me, and look kindly while they teach me, and almost as if they were waiting for fresh questions. Now let me hear directly what you were about to say to Leontion.

TERNISSA.

---

EPICURUS.

I would never think of death as an embarrassment, but as a blessing.

TERNISSA.

How ! a blessing ?

EPICURUS.

What, if it makes our enemies cease to hate us ? what, if it makes our friends love us the more ?

---

Deem it enough for me to premise in elucidation, that women have no favor or mercy for the silence their charms impose on us. Little are they aware of the devotion we are offering to them, in that state

whereinto the true lover is ever prone to fall, and which appears to them inattention, indifference, or moroseness. We must chirp before them eternally, or they will not moisten our beaks in our cages. They like praise best; we, thanksgiving.

LORD BROOKE.

---

From the mysteries of religion the veil is seldom to be drawn; from the mysteries of love, never. For this offence, the Gods take away from us our freshness of heart and our susceptibility of pure delight. The well loses the spring that fed it, and what is exposed in the shallow basin soon evaporates.

MESSALA.

---

Unpropitious love may not kill us always, may not deprive us at once of what at their festivals, the idle and inconsiderate call life; but, O Thelymnia! our lives are truly at an end when we are beloved no longer. Existence may be continued, or rather may be renewed, yet the agonies of

death, and the chilliness of the grave have been passed through ; nor are there Elysian fields, nor the sports that delighted in former times, awaiting us, nor pleasant converse, nor walks with linked hands, nor intermitted songs, nor vengeful kisses for leaving them off abruptly, nor looks that shake us to assure us afterward, nor that bland inquietude, as gently tremulous as the expansion of buds into blossoms, which hurries from repose to exercise, and from exercise to repose.

EUXHYMEDES.

---

#### THE DREAM OF PETRARCA.

When I was younger, I was fond of wandering in solitary places, and never was afraid of slumbering in woods and grottos. Among the chief pleasures of my life, and among the commonest of my occupations, was the bringing before me such heroes and heroines of antiquity, such poets and sages, such of the prosperous and of the unfortunate, as most interested me, by their courage, their wisdom, their eloquence, or their adventures. Engaging them in the con-

versation best suited to their characters, I knew perfectly their manners, their steps, their voices ; and often did I moisten with my tears the models I had been forming of the less happy. Great is the privilege of entering into the studies of the intellectual ; great is that of conversing with the guides of nations, the movers of the mass, the regulators of the unruly will, stiff in its impurity, and rash against the finger of the Almighty Power that formed it ; but give me rather the creature to sympathize with ; apportion me the sufferings to assuage. Allegory had few attractions for me ; believing it to be the delight, in general, of idle, frivolous, inexcursive minds, in whose mansions there is neither hall nor portal to receive the loftier of the Passions. A stranger to the affections, she holds a low station among the handmaidens of Poetry, being fit for little but an apparition in a mask. I had reflected for some time on this subject, when, wearied with the length of my walk over the mountains, and finding a soft old molehill, covered with gray grass by the wayside, I laid my head upon it, and slept. I cannot tell how long it was

before a species of dream, or vision, came over me.

Two beautiful youths appeared beside me ; each was winged ; but the wings were hanging down, and seemed ill adapted to flight. One of them, whose voice was the softest I ever heard, looking at me frequently, said to the other, " He is under my guardianship for the present : do not awaken him with that feather." Methought, on hearing the whisper, I saw something like the feather of an arrow, and then the arrow itself, the whole of it, even to the point ; although he carried it in such a manner that it was difficult, at first, to discover more than a palm's length of it ; the rest of the shaft (and the whole of the barb) was behind his ancles.

" This feather never awakens any one," replied he, rather petulantly ; " but it brings more of confident security, and more of cherished dreams, than you, without me, are capable of imparting."

" Be it so !" answered the gentler ; " none is less inclined to quarrel or dispute than I am. Many whom you have wounded grievously, call upon me for succor ; but



so little am I disposed to thwart you, it is seldom I venture to do more for them than to whisper a few words of comfort in passing. How many reproaches, on these occasions have been cast upon me for indifference and infidelity! Nearly as many, and nearly in the same terms, as upon you."

"Odd enough that we, O Sleep! should be thought so alike!" said Love, contemptuously. "Yonder is he who bears a nearer resemblance to you; the dullest have observed it."

I fancied I turned my eyes to where he was pointing, and saw, at a distance, the figure he designated. Meanwhile, the contention went on uninterruptedly. Sleep was slow in asserting his power or his benefits. Love recapitulated them; but only that he might assert his own above them. Suddenly, he called on me to decide, and to choose my patron. Under the influence, first of the one, then of the other, I sprang from repose to rapture, I alighted from rapture on repose, and knew not which was sweetest. Love was very angry with me, and declared he

would cross me throughout the whole of my existence. Whatever I might on other occasions have thought of his veracity, I now felt too surely the conviction that he would keep his word. At last, before the close of the altercation, the third Genius had advanced, and stood near us. I cannot tell how I knew him, but I knew him to be the Genius of Death. Breathless as I was at beholding him, I soon became familiar with his features. First they seemed only calm; presently they grew contemplative; and lastly beautiful: those of the Graces themselves are less regular, less harmonious, less composed. Love glanced at him unsteadily, with a countenance in which there was somewhat of anxiety, somewhat of disdain; and cried, "Go away! go away! Nothing that thou touchest lives."

"Say rather, child!" replied the advancing form, and advancing, grew loftier and statelier, "say, rather, that nothing of beautiful or of glorious lives its own true life until my wing hath passed over it."

Love pouted; and rumped and bent down with his forefinger the stiff, short

feathers on his arrow-head ; but replied not. Although he frowned worse than ever, and at me, I dreaded him less and less, and scarcely looked toward him. The milder and calmer Genius, the third, in proportion as I took courage to contemplate him, regarded me with more and more complacency. He held neither flower nor arrow, as the others did ; but throwing back the clusters of dark curls that overshadowed his countenance, he presented to me his hand, openly and benignly. I shrank on looking at him so near ; and yet I sighed to love him. He smiled, not without an expression of pity, at perceiving my diffidence, my timidity : for I remembered how soft was the hand of Sleep, how warm and entrancing was Love's. By degrees, I grew ashamed of my ingratitude ; and turning my face away, I held out my arms, and felt my neck within his. Composure allayed all the throbbings of my bosom, the coolness of freshest morning breathed around, the heavens seemed to open above me, while the beautiful cheek of my deliverer rested on my head. I would now have looked for those others ; but, knowing my inten-

tion by my gesture, he said consolatorily, "Sleep is on his way to the earth, where many are calling him; but it is not to them he hastens; for every call only makes him fly further off. Sedately and gravely as he looks, he is nearly as capricious and volatile as the more arrogant and ferocious one."

"And Love," said I, "whither is he departed? If not too late, I would propitiate and appease him."

"He who cannot follow me, he who cannot overtake and pass me," said the Genius, is unworthy of the name, the most glorious in earth or heaven. Look up! Love is yonder; and ready to receive thee."

I looked; the earth was under me; I saw only the clear blue sky, and something brighter above it.

---

In the hour of distress and misery, the eye of every mortal turns to friendship; in the hour of gladness and conviviality, what is our want? it is friendship. When the heart overflows with gratitude, or with any

other sweet and sacred sentiment, what is the word to which it would give utterance ? *my friend.*

ARISTOTELES.

---

Love is a secondary passion in those who love most, a primary in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a high degree, is inspired by honor in a higher : it never reaches its plenitude of growth and perfection but in the most exalted minds.

ASCHAM.

---

Comfort him. But you must love him, if you do. Well ! comfort him. Forgive my inconsiderateness. You will not love him now. You would not receive him when your bosom was without an occupant. And yet you saw him daily. Others, all others, pine away before him. I wish I could solace my soul with poetry as you have the power of doing. In all the volumes I turn over, I find none exactly suitable to my condition : part expresses my feelings, part flies off from them to some-

thing more light and vague. I do not believe the best writers of love-poetry ever loved. How could they write if they did? where could they collect the thoughts, the words, the courage? Alas! alas! men can find all these, Aspasia, and leave us after they have found them.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

---

When Love finds the soul, he neglects the body, and only turns to it in his idleness as to an afterthought. Its best allurements are but the nuts and figs of the divine repast.

PANÆTIUS.

---

She will bear with them. Thou knowest not what she was, Cornelia; for I wrote to thee about her while she seemed but human. In my hours of sadness, not only her beautiful form, but her very voice bent over me. How girlish in the gracefulness of her lofty form! how pliable in her majesty! what composure at my petulance and reproaches! what pity in her reproofs!

Like the air that angels breathe in the metropolitan temple of the Christian world, her soul at every season preserved one temperature. But it was when she could and did love me! Unchanged must ever be the blessed one who has leaned in fond security on the unchangeable. The purifying flame shoots upward, and is the glory that encircles their brows when they meet above.

TASSO.

---

LADY JANE GRAY.

I sincerely love the youth who hath espoused me; I love him with the fondest, the most solicitous affection; I pray to the Almighty for his goodness and happiness, and do forget, at times, unworthy suppliant! the prayers I should have offered for myself. Never fear that I will disparage my kind religious teacher, by disobedience to my husband in the most trying duties.

ASCHAM.

Gentle is he, gentle and virtuous; but time will harden him; time must harden

even thee, sweet Jane! Do thou, complacently and indirectly, lead him from ambition.

JANE.

He is contented with me and with home.

ASCHAM.

Ah Jane! Jane! men of high estate grow tired of contentedness.

JANE.

He told me he never liked books, unless I read them to him. I will read them to him every evening; I will open new worlds to him, richer than those discovered by the Spaniard; I will conduct him to treasures, O what treasures! on which he may sleep in innocence and peace.

ASCHAM.

Rather do thou walk with him, ride with him, play with him, be his faery, his page, his every thing that love and poetry have invented: but watch him well; sport with his fancies; turn them about, like the ringlets round his cheek; and if ever he meditate on power, go toss up thy baby



to his brow, and bring back his thoughts into his heart by the music of thy discourse.

Teach him to live unto God, and unto thee; and he will discover that women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade.

---

He must love me. It is not in the nature of such men ever to cease from loving. Was genius ever ungrateful? Mere talents are dry leaves, tost up and down by gusts of passion, and scattered and swept away; but Genius lies on the bosom of Memory, and Gratitude at her feet.

LEONORA DI ESTE.

---

PERICLES.

And this indeed were hardly more irrational, than the pride which cities take sometimes in the accident of a man's birth within their walls, of a citizen's whose experience was acquired, whose virtues were

fostered, and perhaps whose services were performed, elsewhere.

## SOPHOCLES.

They are proud of having been the cradles of great men, then only when great men can be no longer an incumbrance or a reproach to them. Let them rather boast of those who spend the last day in them than the first ; this is always accidental, that is generally by choice ; for, from something like instinct, we wish to close our eyes upon the world in the places we love best ; the child in its mother's bosom, the patriot in his country. When we are born, we are the same as others ; at our decease, we may induce our friends, and oblige our enemies, to acknowledge that others are not the same as we. It is folly to say : Death levels the whole human race ; for it is only when he hath stripped men of every thing external that their deformities can be clearly discovered, or their worth correctly ascertained. Gratitude is soon silent ; a little while longer, and Ingratitude is tired, is satisfied, is exhausted, or sleeps. Lastly, fly off the fumes of party-spirit ; the hot-

test and most putrid ebullition of self-love. We then see before us, and contemplate calmly the creator of our customs, the ruler of our passions, the arbiter of our pleasures, and, under the Gods, the disposer of our destiny. What then, I pray thee, is there dead ? Nothing more than that which we can handle, cast down, bury ; and surely, not he who is yet to progenerate a more numerous and far better race, than during the few years it was permitted us to converse with him.

---

I feel I am growing old, for want of somebody to tell me that I am looking as young as ever. Charming falsehood ! There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words.

LANDOR.

---

Who in the world could ever cut down a linden, or dare, in his senses, to break a twig from off one ? To a linden was fastened the son of William Tell, when the

apple was cloven on his head. Years afterward, often did the father look higher and lower, and search laboriously, to descry if any mark were remaining of the cord upon its bark! often must he have inhaled this very odor! what a refreshment was it to a father's breast! The flowers of the linden should be the only incense offered up in the churches to God. Happy is the man whose aspirations are pure enough to mingle with it!

How many fond, and how many lively thoughts have been nurtured under this tree! how many kind hearts have beaten here! Its branches are not so numerous as the couples they have invited to sit beside it, nor its blossoms and leaves as the expressions of tenderness it has witnessed. What appeals to the pure, all-seeing heavens! what similitudes to the everlasting mountains! what protestations of eternal truth and constancy! from those who now are earth; they, and their shrouds, and their coffins! The caper and fig-tree have split the monument. Emblems of past loves and future hopes, severed names which the holiest rites united, broken letters of brief

happiness, bestrew the road, and speak to  
the passer-by in vain.

LANDOR.

---

SERGIUS.

Contentment is better than divination or  
visions. Thou wert born and educated in  
Arabia; and nothing can transcend the  
description thou hast given me of thy na-  
tive country.

MAHOMET.

All native countries are most beautiful;  
yet we want something from them which  
they will not give us. Our first quarrels  
of any seriousness are with them; as the  
first screams and struggles of infants, the  
first tearing of robes and sobs of anger,  
are against their mothers.

Delightful is it to bathe in the *moonsea*  
on the sands, and to listen to tales of genii  
in the tent: but then, in Arabia, the anxious  
heart is thrown into fierce and desperate  
commotion, by the accursed veil that sepa-  
rates beauty from us. There we never see  
the blade of that sweet herbage rise, day  
after day, into light and loveliness, never

see the blossom expand ; but receive it unselected, unsolicited, and unwon. Happy the land where the youthful are without veils, the aged without suspicion ; where the antelope may look to what resting-place she listeth, and bend her slender foot to the fountain that most invites her.

Odoriferous gales ! whether of Deban, or of Dafar, if ye bring only fragrance with you, carry it to the thoughtless and light-hearted ! carry it to the drinker of wine, to the feaster, and the dancer at the feast. If ye never have played about the beloved of my youth, if ye bring me no intelligence of her, pass on ! away with you !

---

ANDREW MARVEL.

There is a gravity which is not austere nor captious, which belongs not to melancholy, nor dwells in contraction of heart ; but arises from tenderness, and hangs upon reflection.

BISHOP PARKER.

Whatsoever may be the gravity of Mr. Milton, I have heard indistinctly that he

has not always been the kindest of husbands. Being a sagacious and a prudent man, he ought never to have taken a wife until he had ascertained her character.

MARVEL.

Pray, inform me whether the wisest men have been the most fortunate, or, if you prefer the expression, the most provident, in their choice. Of Solomon's wives (several hundreds) is it recorded that a single one sympathized with him, loved him, respected him, or esteemed him? His wisdom and his poetry flowed alike on barren sand; his cedar frowned on him; his lily drooped and withered, before he had raised up his head from its hard, cold glossiness, or had inhaled its fragrance with a second sigh. Disappointments sour most the less experienced. Young ladies are ready in imagining that marriage is all cake and kisses; but very few of them are housewives long, before they discover that the vinous fermentation may be followed too soon by the acetous. Rarely do they discover, and more rarely do they admit, that such is the result of their own mismanage-

ment. What woman can declare, with sincerity, that she never, in the calmer days of life, has felt surprise, and shame also, if she is virtuous and sensible, at recollecting how nearly the same interest was excited in her by the most frivolous and least frivolous of her admirers. The downy thistle-seed, hard to be uprooted, is carried by the lightest breath of air, and takes an imperceptible hold on what it catches : it falls the more readily into the more open breast, but sometimes the less open is vainly buttoned up against it.

Milton has, I am afraid, imitated too closely the authoritative voice of the patriarchs, and been somewhat too oriental (I forbear to say scriptural) in his relations as a husband. But who, whether among the graver or less grave, is just to woman ? There may be moments when the beloved tells us, and tells us truly, that we are dearer to her than life. Is not this enough ? is it not above all merit ? Yet, if ever the ardor of her enthusiasm subsides ; if her love ever loses, later in the day, the spirit and vivacity of its early dawn ; if, between the sigh and the blush, an interval is per-



ceptible ; if the arm mistakes the chair for the shoulder ; what an outcry is there ! what a proclamation of her injustice and her inconstancy ! what an alternation of shrinking and spurning at the coldness of her heart ! Do we ask within if our own has retained all its ancient loyalty, all its own warmth, and all that was poured into it ? Often, the true lover has little of true love, compared with what he has undeservedly received and unreasonably exacts. But let it also be remembered that marriage is the metempsychosis of women ; that it turns them into different creatures from what they were before. Liveliness in the girl may have been mistaken for good temper : the little perversity which, at first, is attractively provoking, at last provokes without its attractiveness : negligence of order and propriety, of duties and civilities, long endured, often deprecated, ceases to be tolerable, when children grow up and are in danger of following the example. It often happens, that, if a man unhappy in the married state were to disclose the manifold causes of his uneasiness, they would be found, by those who were be-

yond their influence, to be of such a nature as rather to excite derision than sympathy. The waters of bitterness do not fall on his head in a cataract, but through a colander; one, however, like the vases of the Danaïdes, perforated only for replenishment. We know scarcely the vestibule of a house of which we fancy we have penetrated into all the corners. We know not how grievously a man may have suffered, long before the calumnies of the world befell him as he reluctantly left his house door. There are women from whom incessant tears of anger swell forth at imaginary wrongs; but of contrition for their own delinquencies, not one.

---

SIDNEY.

Welcome, welcome! How delightful it is to see a friend after a length of absence! How delightful to chide him for that length of absence, to which we owe such delight.

BROOKE.

I know not whether our names will be immortal; I am sure our friendship will.

For names sound only upon the surface of the earth; while friendships are the purer, and the more ardent, the nearer they come to the presence of God; the sun, not only of righteousness, but of love. Ours never has been chipt or dimmed even here, and never shall be.

SIDNEY.

Let me take up your metaphor. Friendship is a vase, which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once; it never can be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again; precious ones never.

---

He has left undone what others do.  
Other men fight for their country.

I always thought it was pleasant to the young and beautiful to see those they love victorious and applauded. Twice in my lifetime I have been present at wakes, where prizes were contended for: what

prizes I quite forget; certainly not kingdoms. The winner was made happy; but there was one made happier. Village maids love truly: ay, they love glory too; and not their own. The tenderest heart loves best the courageous one: the gentle voice says, "Why wert thou so hazardous?" the deeper-toned replies, "For thee, for thee."

JEANNE D' ARC.

---

The sigh that rises at the thought of a friend, may be almost as genial as his voice. 'Tis a breath that seems rather to come from him than from ourselves.

MILTON.

---

VITTORIA COLONNA.

Present! and is he not? Where I am there is he, forevermore. Earth may divide, Heaven never does. The beauty you speak of is the only thing departed from me, and that also is with him perhaps. He may, I hope he may, see me as he left me, only more pacified, more resigned. After I had known Pescara, even if I had

never been his, I should have been espoused to him ; espoused to him before the assembled testimonies of his innumerable virtues ; before his genius, his fortitude, his respectful superiority, his manly gentleness. Yes, I should have been married to his glory ; and, neither in his lifetime, nor when he left the world, would I have endured, O Michel-Angelo, any other alliance. The very thought, the very words conveying it, are impiety. But friendship helps to support that heavy pall to which the devoted cling tenaciously forever.

MICHEL-ANGELO.

Oh ! that at this moment . . .

VITTORIA.

Hush ! hush ! Wishes are by-paths on the declivity to unhappiness ; the weaker terminate in the sterile sand, the stronger in the vale of tears. If there are griefs, which we know there are, so intense as to deprive us of our intellects, griefs in the next degree of intensity, far from depriving us of them, amplify, purify, regulate, and adorn them. We sometimes spring above

happiness, and fall on the other side. This hath happened to me ; but strength enough is left me to raise myself up again, and to follow the guide who calls me.

## MICHEL-ANGELO.

Surely God hath shown that mortal what his own love is, for whom he hath harmonized a responsive bosom, warm in the last as in the first embraces. One look of sympathy, one regret at parting, is enough, is too much ; it burdens the heart with overpayment. You cannot gather up the blossoms which, by blast after blast, have been scattered and whirled behind you. Are they requisite ? The fruit was formed within them ere they fell upon the walk ; you have culled it in its season.

## VITTORIA.

Before we go into another state of existence, a thousand things occur to detach us imperceptibly from this. To some (who knows to how many ?) the images of early love return with an inviting, yet a saddening glance, and the breast that was laid out for the sepulchre bleeds afresh. Such are

ready to follow where they are beckoned, and look keenly into the darkness they are about to penetrate.

---

It has been my fortune to love, in general, those men most who have thought most differently from me, on subjects wherein others pardon no discordance. In my opinion, I have no more right to be angry with a man whose reason has followed up a process different from what mine has, and is satisfied with the result, than with one who has gone to Venice while I am at Florence, and who writes to me that he likes the place, and that, although he said once he should settle elsewhere, he shall reside in that city.

LANDOR.

---

We are told by Herodotus, who tells us whatever we know with certainty a step beyond our thresholds, that a boy in Persia is kept in the apartments of the women, and prohibited from seeing his father, until

the fifth year. The reason is, he informs us, that if he dies before this age, his loss may give the parent no uneasiness. And such a custom he thinks commendable. Herodotus has no child, Cleone! If he had, far other would be his feelings and his judgment. Before that age, how many seeds are sown, which future years, and distant ones, mature successively! How much fondness, how much generosity, what hosts of other virtues, courage, constancy, patriotism, spring into the father's heart from the cradle of his child! And does never the fear come over him, that what is most precious to him upon earth is left in careless or perfidious, in unsafe or unworthy hands? Does it never occur to him that he loses a son in every one of these five years? What is there so affecting to the brave and virtuous man, as that which perpetually wants his help and cannot call for it! What is so different as the speaking and the mute! And hardly less so are inarticulate sounds, and sounds which he receives half-formed, and which he delights to modulate, and which he lays with infinite care and patience, not only on the tender



attentive ear, but on the half-open lips, and on the eyes, and on the cheeks, as if they all were listeners. In every child there are many children; but coming forth year after year, each somewhat like and somewhat varying. When they are grown much older, the leaves (as it were) lose their pellucid green, the branches their graceful pliancy.

Is there any man so rich in happiness that he can afford to throw aside these first five years? is there any man who can hope for another five so exuberant in unsating joy?

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

---

Yet Peter loved *you*: and even the worst husband must leave surely the recollection of some sweet moments. The sternest must have trembled, both with apprehension and with hope, at the first alteration in the health of his consort; at the first promise of true union, imperfect without progeny. Then there are thanks rendered together to heaven, and satisfactions communicated, and infant words interpreted; and when

the one has failed to pacify the sharp cries of babyhood, pettish and impatient as sovereignty itself, the success of the other in calming it, and the unenvied triumph of this exquisite ambition, and the calm gazes that it wins upon it.

PRINCESS DASHKOF.

---

PETRARCA.

O Giovanni! the heart that has once been bathed in love's pure fountain, retains the pulse of youth forever. Death can only take away the sorrowful from our affections: the flower expands: the colorless film that enveloped it falls off and perishes.

BOCCACCIO.

We may well believe it: and, believing it, let us cease to be disquieted for their absence who have but retired into another chamber. We are like those who have overslept the hour: when we rejoin our friends, there is only the more joyance and congratulation. Would we break a precious vase, because it is as capable of containing the bitter as the sweet? No: the

very things which touch us the most sensibly are those which we should be the most reluctant to forget. The noble mansion is most distinguished by the beautiful images it retains of beings past away; and so is the noble mind.

The damps of autumn sink into the leaves and prepare them for the necessity of their fall: and thus insensibly are we, as years close round us, detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows. When the graceful dance and its animating music are over, and the clapping of hands (so lately linked) hath ceased; when youth, and comeliness, and pleasantry are departed,

Who would desire to spend the following day  
Among the extinguisht lamps, the faded wreaths,  
The dust and desolation left behind ?

But whether we desire it or not, we must submit. He who hath appointed our days, hath placed their contents within them, and our efforts can neither cast them out nor change their quality. In our present mood we will not dwell too long on this subject, but rather walk forth into the world, and look back again on the bustle of life.

Neither of us may hope to exert, in future, any extraordinary influence on the political movements of our country, by our presence or intervention : yet, surely, it is something to have set at defiance the mercenaries who assailed us, and to have stood aloof from the distribution of the public spoils.

---

That white arm was then, as it is now, over the shoulder of Ternissa ; and her breath imparted a fresh bloom to your cheek, a new music to your voice. No friendship is so cordial or so delicious as that of girl for girl ; no hatred so intense and immovable as that of woman for woman. In youth, you love one above the others of your sex : in riper age ; you hate all, more or less, in proportion to similarity of accomplishments and pursuits ; which sometimes (I wish it were oftener) are bonds of union to men. In us you more easily pardon faults than excellences in each other. *Your* tempers are such, my beloved scholars, that even this truth does not ruffle them ; and such is your affection,

that I look with confidence to its unabated ardor at twenty.

EPICURUS.

---

The happiest of pillows is not that which Love first presses: it is that which Death has frowned on and past over.

ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

---

LEONTION.

It is better, I own it, that such writers should amuse our idleness than excite our spleen ?

TERNISSA.

What is spleen ?

EPICURUS.

Do not ask her ; she cannot tell you. The spleen, Ternissa, is to the heart what Arimanes is to Oromazes.

TERNISSA.

I am little the wiser yet. Does he ever use such hard words with you ?

LEONTION.

He means the Evil Genius and the Good Genius, in the theogony of the Persians; and would perhaps tell you, as he hath told me, that the heart in itself is free from evil, but very capable of receiving, and too tenacious of holding it.

EPICURUS.

In our moral system, the spleen hangs about the heart, and renders it sad and sorrowful, unless we continually keep it in exercise by kind offices, or in its proper place by serious investigation and solitary questionings. Otherwise, it is apt to adhere and to accumulate, until it deadens the principles of sound action, and obscures the sight.

TERNISSA.

It must make us very ugly when we grow old.

LEONTION.

In youth it makes us uglier, as not appertaining to it: a little more or less ugliness in decrepitude is hardly worth considering, there being quite enough of

it from other quarters; I would stop it here, however.

TERNISSA.

O what a thing is age !

LEONTION.

Death, without death's quiet. But we will converse upon it when we know it better.

EPICURUS.

My beloved ! we will converse upon it at the present hour, while the harshness of its features is indiscernible, not only to you, but even to me, who am much nearer to it. Disagreeable things, like disagreeable men, are never to be spoken of when they are present. Do we think, as we may do in such a morning as this, that the air awakens the leaves around us only to fade and perish ? Do we, what is certain, think that every note of music we ever heard, every voice that ever breathed into our bosoms, and played upon its instrument, the heart, only wafted us on a little nearer to the tomb ? Let the idea not sadden, but compose us. Let us yield to it, just as season

yields to season, hour to hour, and with a bright serenity, such as Evening is invested with by the departing Sun.

---

The very beautiful rarely love at all. Those precious images are placed above the reach of the Passions: Time alone is permitted to efface them; Time, the father of the Gods, and even *their* consumer.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

---

Your former conversation has made me think repeatedly what a number of beautiful words there are of which we never think of estimating the value, as there are of blessings. How carelessly, for example, do we (not we, but people) say, "I am delighted to *hear from you*." No other language has this beautiful expression, which, like some of the most lovely flowers, loses its charms for want of close inspection. When I consider the deep sense of these very simple and very common words, I



seem to hear a voice coming from afar through the air, breathed forth, and intrusted to the care of the elements, for the nurture of my sympathy.

DR. JOHNSON.

---

If he loves me, the merit is not mine ;  
the fault will be, if he ceases.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

---

BEATRICE.

You have stored my little mind with many thoughts ; dear because they are yours, and because they are virtuous. May I not, O my Dante ! bring some of them back again to your bosom ; as the Contadina lets down the string from the cottage-beam in winter, and culls a few bunches of the soundest for the master of the vineyard ? You have not given me glory, that the world should shudder at its eclipse. To prove that I am worthy of the smallest part of it, I must obey God ; and, under God, my father. Surely, the voice of

Heaven comes to us audibly from a parent's lips. You will be great, and, what is above all greatness, good.

## DANTE.

Rightly and wisely, my sweet Beatrice, have you spoken in this estimate. Greatness is to goodness what gravel is to porphyry; the one is a movable accumulation, swept along the surface of the earth; the other stands fixed, and solid, and alone, above the violence of war and of the tempest; above all that is residuous of a wasted world. Little men build up great ones; but the snow colossus soon melts: the good stand under the eye of God; and therefore stand.

---

But who can foresee the end of sorrow, or would foresee the end of happiness? It usually is nearer at hand. When we enter a place whence the beloved has been long absent, part of the presence seems to be left behind. Again we draw back from the window as we did before, because then we were told people were coming. Fool-

ish ! foolish ! I am representing my own sensations in times past : girlish sensations, which never were Cleone's, even in girlhood. Ah, Cleone ! the beautiful smooth dove's plumage is hard and cold externally ; but what throbbing, what warmth, what ardor, what tenderness, deep within ! We must neither of us prefix *ab !* to any thing in future ; we must be the happiest of the happy.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

---

WALKER.

Well, Hattaji ! *thou* art not little ; tell me, then, does not every caress of these children awaken thy tenderness ?

HATTAJI.

It makes me bless myself that I gave them existence, and it makes me bless God that he destined me to preserve it.

WALKER.

It opens to thee in the deserts of life, the two most exuberant and refreshing sources of earthly happiness, love and piety.

And if either of these little ones should cut a foot with a stone, or prick a finger with a thorn, would it delight thee ?

HATTAJI.

A drop of their blood is worth all mine : the stone would lame me, the thorn would pierce my eyeballs.

WALKER.

Wise Hattaji ! for tender love is true wisdom ; the truest wisdom being perfect happiness. Thinkest thou God less wise, less beneficent than thyself, or better pleased with the sufferings of his creatures ?

---

He inquired of me whether I often thought of those I loved in Italy, and whether I could bring them before my eyes at will. To remove all suspicion from him, I declared I always could, and that one beautiful object occupied all the cells of my brain by night and day. He paused and pondered, and then said, "Thou dost not love deeply." I thought I had given

•

the true signs. - No Lippi! we who love ardently, we with all our wishes, all the efforts of our souls cannot bring before us the features which while they were present, we thought it impossible we ever could forget. Alas! when we most love the absent, when we most desire to see her, we try in vain to bring her image back to us. The troubled heart shakes and confounds it, even as ruffled waters do with shadows. Hateful things are more hateful when they haunt our sleep: the lovely flee away, or are changed into less lovely."

FILIPPO LIPPI.

---

We cannot conquer fate and necessity, yet we can yield to them in such a manner as to be greater than if we could.

CICERO.

---

Plato would make wives common, to abolish selfishness; the mischief which, above others, it would directly and immediately bring forth. There is no selfishness where there is a wife and family; the house

is lighted up by the mutual charities; every thing achieved for them is a victory, every thing endured for them is a triumph. How many vices are suppressed, that there may be no bad example! how many exertions made, to recommend and inculcate a good one! Selfishness then is thrown out of the question. He would, perhaps, render men braver by his exercises in the common field of affections. Now, bravery is of two kinds; the courage of instinct and the courage of reason: animals have more of the former, men more of the latter; for I would not assert, what many do, that animals have no reason, as I would not that men have no instinct. Whatever creature can be taught, must be taught by the operation of reason upon reason, small as may be the quantity called forth or employed in calling it, and however harsh may be the means. Instinct has no operation but upon the wants and desires. Those who entertain a contrary opinion, are unaware how inconsequently they speak when they employ such expressions as these, "We are taught by instinct." Courage, so necessary to the preservation of states, is not weak-

the true signs. "No, Lippi! we who love ardently, we with all our wishes, all the efforts of our souls, cannot bring before us the features which, while they were present, we thought it impossible we ever could forget. Alas! when we most love the absent, when we most desire to see her, we try in vain to bring her image back to us. The troubled heart shakes and confounds it, even as ruffled waters do with shadows. Hateful things are more hateful when they haunt our sleep: the lovely flee away, or are changed into less lovely."

FILIPPO LIPPI.

---

We cannot conquer fate and necessity, yet we can yield to them in such a manner as to be greater than if we could.

CICERO.

---

Plato would make wives common, to abolish selfishness; the mischief which, above others, it would directly and immediately bring forth. There is no selfishness where there is a wife and family; the house

is lighted up by the mutual charities; every thing achieved for them is a victory, every thing endured for them is a triumph. How many vices are suppressed, that there may be no bad example! how many exertions made, to recommend and inculcate a good one! Selfishness then is thrown out of the question. He would, perhaps, render men braver by his exercises in the common field of affections. Now, bravery is of two kinds; the courage of instinct and the courage of reason: animals have more of the former, men more of the latter; for I would not assert, what many do, that animals have no reason, as I would not that men have no instinct. Whatever creature can be taught, must be taught by the operation of reason upon reason, small as may be the quantity called forth or employed in calling it, and however harsh may be the means. Instinct has no operation but upon the wants and desires. Those who entertain a contrary opinion, are unaware how inconsequently they speak when they employ such expressions as these, "We are taught by instinct." Courage, so necessary to the preservation of states, is not weak-



ened by domestic ties, but is braced by them. Animals protect their young while they know it to be theirs, and neglect it when the traces of that memory are erased.

ARISTOTELES.

---

Ah poor Demophile ! she remembered me then ! How sorry I am I cannot tell her I remember her !

Cleone ! there are little things that leave no little regrets. I might have said kind words, and perhaps have done kind actions, to many who are now beyond the reach of them. One look on the unfortunate might have given a day's happiness ; one sigh over the pillow of sickness might have insured a night's repose ; one whisper might have driven from their victim the furies of despair.

We think too much upon *what* the Gods have given us, and too little *why*.

We both are young ; and yet we have seen several who loved us pass away ; and we never can live over again as we lived before. A portion of our lives is consumed by the torch we follow at their funerals.

We enter into another state of existence, resembling indeed, and partaking of the former, but another! it contains the substance of the same sorrows, the shadow of the same joys. Alas! how true are the words of the old poet,

We lose a life in every friend we lose,  
And every death is painful but the last.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

---

The remembrance of past days that were happy, increases the gloominess of those that are not, and intercepts the benefits of those that would be.

PERICLES TO ALCIBIADES.

---

It is delightful to kiss the eyelashes of the beloved: is it not? but never so delightful as when fresh tears are on them.

COUNT ZAIDA.

---

In voyages, you may see too much and learn too little. The winds and waves

throw about you their mutability and their turbulence. When we lose sight of home, we lose something else than that which schoolboys weep for.

ABBOT OF BOXLEY.

---

Since we are separated, and forever, O Tiberius, let us think no more on the cause of it. Let neither of us believe that the other was to blame: so shall separation be less painful.

VIPSANIA.

---

SPENSER.

If river and lake, and meadow-ground and mountain, could render any place the abode of pleasantness, pleasant was mine, indeed !

On the lovely banks of Mulla I found deep contentment. Under the dark alders did I muse and meditate. Innocent hopes were my gravest cares, and my playfullest fancy was with kindly wishes. Ah ! surely of all cruelties, the worst is to extinguish our kindness. Mine is gone: I love the

people and the land no longer. My lord, ask me not about them ; I may speak injuriously.

ESSEX.

Think rather, then, of thy happier hours and busier occupations ; these, likewise, may instruct me.

SPENSER.

The first seeds I sowed in the garden, ere the old castle was made habitable for my lovely bride, were acorns from Penshurst. I planted a little oak before my mansion at the birth of each child. My sons, I said to myself, shall often play in the shade of them when I am gone, and every year shall they take the measure of their growth, as fondly as I take theirs.

ESSEX.

Well, well ; but let not this thought make thee weep so bitterly.

SPENSER.

Poison may ooze from beautiful plants ; deadly grief from dearest reminiscences.

I *must* grieve, I *must* weep ; it seems the law of God, and the only one that men are

not disposed to contravene. In the performance of this alone do they effectually aid one another.

---

It is right and orderly, that he who has partaken so largely in the prosperity of the Athenians, should close the procession of their calamities. The fever that has depopulated our city, returned upon me last night, and Hippocrates and Acron tell me that my end is near.

When we agreed, O Aspasia, in the beginning of our loves, to communicate our thoughts by writing, even while we were both in Athens, and when we had many reasons for it, we little foresaw the more powerful one that has rendered it necessary of late. We never can meet again : the laws forbid it, and love itself enforces them. Let wisdom be heard by you as imperturbably, and affection as authoritatively, as ever; and remember that the sorrow of Pericles can arise but from the bosom of Aspasia. There is only one word of tenderness we could say, which we have not

said oftentimes before; and there is no consolation in it. The happy never say, and never hear said, farewell.

Reviewing the course of my life, it appears to me, at one moment, as if we met but yesterday; at another, as if centuries had passed within it; for within it have existed the greater part of those who, since the origin of the world, have been the luminaries of the human race. Damon called me from my music to look at Aristides on his way to exile; and my father pressed the wrist by which he was leading me along, and whispered in my ear,

“Walk quickly by; glance cautiously; it is there Miltiades is in prison.”

In my boyhood, Pindar took me up in his arms, when he brought to our house the dirge he had composed for the funeral of my grandfather: in my adolescence, I offered the rites of hospitality to Empedocles; not long afterward, I embraced the neck of Æschylus, about to abandon his country. With Sophocles, I have argued on eloquence; with Euripides, on polity and ethics; I have discoursed, as became an inquirer, with Protagoras and Democri-

tus, with Anaxagoras and Meton. From Herodotus, I have listened to the most instructive history, conveyed in a language the most copious and the most harmonious ; a man worthy to carry away the collected suffrages of universal Greece ; a man worthy to throw open the temples of Egypt, and to celebrate the exploits of Cyrus. And from Thucydides, who alone can succeed to him, how recently did my Aspasia hear with me the energetic praises of his just supremacy !

As if the festival of life were incomplete, and wanted one great ornament to crown it, Phidias placed before us, in ivory and gold, the tutelary Deity of this land, and the Zeus of Homer and Olympus.

To have lived with such men, to have enjoyed their familiarity and esteem, overpays all labors and anxieties. I were unworthy of the friendships I have commemorated, were I forgetful of the latest. Sacred it ought to be, formed as it was, under the portico of Death, my friendship with the most sagacious, the most scientific, the most beneficent of philosophers, Acron and Hippocrates. If 'mortal could war

against Pestilence and Destiny, they had been victorious. I leave them in the field; unfortunate he who finds them among the fallen !

And now, at the close of my day, when every light is dim, and every guest departed, let me own that these wane before me, remembering, as I do, in the pride and fullness of my heart, that Athens confided her glory, and Aspasia her happiness, to me.

Have I been a faithful guardian ? do I resign them to the custody of the Gods undiminished and unimpaired ? Welcome, then, welcome, my last hour ! After enjoying for so great a number of years, in my public and my private life, what, I believe, has never been the lot of any other, I now extend my hand to the urn, and take, without reluctance or hesitation, what is the lot of all.

PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

---

Sweet girls ! the calm pleasures, such as I hope you will ever find in your walks among these gardens, will improve your beauty, animate your discourse, and correct



the little that may hereafter rise up for correction in your dispositions. The smiling ideas left in our bosoms from our infancy, that many plants are the favorites of the Gods, and that others were even the objects of their love, having once been invested with the human form, beautiful and lively, and happy as yourselves, give them an interest beyond the vision; yes, and a station, let me say it, on the vestibule of our affections. Resign your ingenuous hearts to simple pleasures; and there is none in man, where men are Attic, that will not follow and outstrip their movements.

EPICURUS.

---

I am persuaded of the truth in what I have spoken: and yet . . ah, Quinctus! there is a tear that Philosophy cannot dry, and a pang that will rise as we approach the Gods.

Two things tend beyond all others, after philosophy, to inhibit and check our ruder passions as they grow and swell in us, and to keep our gentler in their proper play; and these two things are, seasonable sorrow

and inoffensive pleasure, each moderately indulged. Nay, there is also a pleasure, humble, it is true, but graceful and insinuating, which follows close upon our very sorrows, reconciles us to them gradually, and sometimes renders us, at last, undesirous altogether of abandoning them. If ever you have remembered the anniversary of some day whereon a dear friend was lost to you, tell me whether that anniversary was not purer and even calmer than the day before. The sorrow, if there should be any left, is soon absorbed, and full satisfaction takes place of it, while you perform a pious office to Friendship, required and appointed by the ordinances of Nature. When my Tulliola was torn away from me, a thousand plans were in readiness for immortalizing her memory, and raising a monument up to the magnitude of my grief. The grief itself has done it; the tears I then shed over her assuaged it in me, and did every thing that could be done for her, or hoped, or wished. I called upon Tulliola: Rome, and the whole world, heard me. Her glory was a part of mine, and mine of hers; and when Eternity had

received her at my hands, I wept no longer. The tenderness wherewith I mentioned, and now mention her, though it suspends my voice, brings what consoles and comforts me; it is the milk and honey left at the sepulchre, and equally sweet, I hope, to the departed.

The Gods, who have given us our affections, permits us surely the uses and the signs of them. Immoderate grief, like every thing else immoderate, is useless and pernicious: but if we did not tolerate and endure it, — if we did not prepare for it, meet it, commune with it; if we did not even cherish it in its season, — much of what is best in our faculties, — much of our tenderness, much of our generosity, much of our patriotism, much also of our genius, would be stifled and extinguished.

When I hear any one call upon another to be manly and to restrain his tears, if they flow from the social and the kind affections, I doubt the humanity, and distrust the wisdom of the counsellor. Were he humane, he would be more inclined to pity and to sympathize than to lecture and reprove; and were he wise, he would consider that

tears are given us by nature as a remedy to affliction, although, like other remedies, they should come to our relief in private. Philosophy, we may be told, would prevent the tears, by turning away the sources of them, and by raising up a rampart against pain and sorrow. I am of opinion, that Philosophy, quite pure, and totally abstracted from our appetites and passions, instead of serving us the better, would do us little or no good at all. We may receive so much light as not to see, and so much philosophy as to be worse than foolish.

---

CICERO.

Where on earth is there so much society as in a beloved child ? He accompanies me in my walks, gazes into my eyes for what I am gathering from books, tells me more and better things than they do, and asks me often what neither I nor they can answer. When he is absent, I am filled with reflections ; when he is present, I have room for none beside what I receive from him. The charms of his childhood bring me back to the delights of mine, and I

fancy I hear my own words in a sweeter voice. Will he (O how I tremble at the mute oracle of futurity!) will he ever be as happy as I have been ?

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

---

Like the ocean, Love embraces the earth ;  
and by Love, as by the ocean, whatever is  
sordid and unsound is borne away.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

---

LEONTION.

To be preferred to all others is the  
supremacy of bliss. Do not you think  
so, Ternissa ?

TERNISSA.

It is, indeed, what the wise and the powerful and the beautiful chiefly aim at ;  
Leontion has attained it.

EPICURUS.

Delightful, no doubt, is such supremacy ;  
but far more delightful is the certainty that

there never was any one quite near enough to be given up for us. To be preferred, is hardly a compensation for having been long compared. The breath of another's sigh bedims and hangs pertinaciously about the image we adore.

---

The largest heart, O Cleone, is that which only one can rest upon or impress; the purest is that which dares to call itself impure; the kindest is that which shrinks rather at his own inhumanity than at another's.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

---

The pestilence has taken from me both my sons. You, who were ever so kind and affectionate to them, will receive a tardy recompense, in hearing that the least gentle, and the least grateful did acknowledge it.

I mourn for Paralos, because he loved me; for Xanthippos, because he loved me not.

Preserve, with all your maternal care, our little Pericles. I cannot be fonder of him than I have always been; I can only fear more for him.

Is he not with my Aspasia? What fears, then, are so irrational as mine? But oh! I am living in a widowed house, a house of desolation; I am living in a city of tombs and torches; and the last I saw before me were for my children.

PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

---

EPICURUS.

Abstinence from low pleasures is the only means of meriting or of obtaining the higher.

Kindness in ourselves is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another.

LEONTION.

Explain to me then, O Epicurus, why we suffer so much from ingratitude.

EPICURUS.

We fancy we suffer from ingratitude, while, in reality, we suffer from self-love.

Passion weeps while she says, "I did not deserve this from him." Reason, while she says it, smoothens her brow at the clear fountain of the heart. Permit me also, like Theophrastus, to borrow a few words from a poet.

---

At last, Aspasia, you love indeed. The perfections of your beloved interest you less than the imperfections, which you no sooner take up for reprehension, than you admire, embrace, and defend.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

---

MICHEL-ANGELO.

I come to you at all times, my indulgent friend, to calm my anxieties whensoever they oppress me. You never fail; you never falter. Sometimes a compassionate look, sometimes a cheerful one, alights on the earthly thought, and dries up all its noxiousness. Music, and a voice that is more and better, are its last resorts. The gentleness of your nature has led you to them when we both had paused. There



are songs that attract and melt the heart more sweetly than the Siren's. Ah! there is love, too, even here below, more precious than immortality; but it is not the love of a Circe or a Calypso.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

Nor were they happy themselves; and yet, perhaps, they were not altogether undeserving of it, they who could select for the object of their affections, the courageous, the enduring, and the intelligent. There are few men at any time, whom moral dignity and elevation of genius have made conspicuous above the mass of society; and fewer still are the women who can distinguish them from persons of ordinary capacity, endowed with qualities merely agreeable. But if it happens that a man of highest worth has been read attentively and thoroughly by those eyes which he has taught the art of divination, let another object intervene and occupy their attention, let the beloved be induced to think it a merit and a duty to forget him, yet memory is not an outcast nor an alien when the company of the day is gone, but says many

things and asks many questions which she would not turn away from if she could.

---

There is no better end of hating. The sentiment should not exist one moment; and if the hater gives a kiss on being ordered to do it, even to a tree or a stone, that tree or stone becomes the monument of a fault extinct.

EPICURUS..

THE SONGS THAT RING AND MAKE the heart  
more sweetly than the Siren's. Ah! there  
a love that even here below, more precious  
than immortality. But it is not the love of  
a Clime or a Clippa.

#### VINTAGE CHORUS.

Not were they happy themselves; and  
yet perhaps they were not altogether un-  
deserving of it, they who could select for  
the object of their affections, the coura-  
geous, the enduring, and the intelligent.  
There are few men at any time, whom  
moral dignity and elevation of genius have  
made conspicuous above the mass of so-  
ciety; and fewer still are the women who  
can distinguish them from persons of ordi-  
nary capacity, endowed with qualities merely  
agreeable. But if it happens that a man  
of highest worth has been read attentively  
and thoroughly by those eyes which he has  
taught the art of divination, let another ob-  
ject intervene and occupy their attention,  
let the beloved be induced to think it a  
merit and a duty to forget him, yet memory  
is not an outcast nor an alien when the  
company of the day is gone, but says many

things and asks many questions which she would not turn away from if she could.

---

There is no better end of hating. The sentiment should not exist one moment; and if the hater gives a kiss on being ordered to do it, even to a tree or a stone, that tree or stone becomes the monument of a fault extinct.

EPICURUS.



## MISCELLANEOUS.



## MISCELLANEOUS.



I SHOULD entertain a mean opinion of myself, if all men or the most part praised and admired me; it would prove me to be somewhat like them. Sad and sorrowful is it to stand near enough to people for them to see us wholly; for them to come up to us and walk round us leisurely and idly, and pat us when they are tired and going off.

BARROW.

---

If any young man would win to himself the hearts of the wise and brave, and is ambitious of being the guide and leader of them, let him be assured that his virtue will give him power, and power will consolidate and maintain his virtue. Let him never, then, squander away the inestimable hours



of youth in tangled and trifling disquisitions, with such as perhaps have an interest in perverting or unsettling his opinions, and who speculate into his sleeping thoughts and dandle his nascent passions. But let him start from them with alacrity, and walk forth with firmness; let him early take an interest in the business and concerns of men; and let him, as he goes along, look steadfastly at the images of those who have benefited his country, and make with himself a solemn compact to stand hereafter among them.

PERICLES.

---

Politeness is not always a sign of wisdom; but the want of it always leaves room for a suspicion of folly, if folly and imprudence are the same.

PERICLES.

---

There are no indeciduous plants, Aspasia! the greater part lose their leaves in winter, the rest in summer. It is thus with men. The generality yield and are

stripped under the first chilly blasts that shake them. They who have weathered these, drop leaf after leaf in the sunshine. The virtues by which they arose to popularity take another garb, another aspect, another form, and totally disappear. Be not uneasy; the heart of Pericles will never dry up, so many streams run into it.

ANAXAGORAS.

---

O weakness above all fortitude! Glory to the man who rather bears a grief corroding his breast, than permits it to prowl beyond, and to prey on the tender and compassionate! Women commiserate the brave, and men the beautiful.

ÆSOP.

---

You are courageous, my Alcibiades, to a degree which I hardly ever observed in another. This alone induces me to doubt whether you will become, so soon as we both of us wished it, an accomplished and perfect soldier. To rush against the enemy before your comrades, is not indeed quite

so unseemly as to lag behind; yet it may be even more detrimental in an officer. With old troops, who know their duty, it is always so; with younger alone, who want encouragement, it may not be. Socrates deserved the first honors in the action: his modesty and his affection transferred them to the imprudent and the vanquished, whom he rescued from the shame of rashness and the wretchedness of captivity. With all my fondness for you, I could not have given you my vote; and, had I commanded against Potidæa, I must have reproved you in presence of the army.

PERICLES TO ALCIBIADES.

---

Life is a casket not precious in itself, but valuable in proportion to what fortune, or industry, or virtue has placed within it.

PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

---

Generally we are little apt to exaggerate merit. In our maladies of the mind, the cold fit usually is longer and more intense than the hot, and our dreams are rarely of

water in the desert. We must have been among the departed before we experience this sensation. In our road through life, we may happen to meet with a man casting a stone reverentially to enlarge the cairn of another, which stone he had carried in his bosom to sling against that very other's head.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

---

I remain in health, but feeble. Life slips from me softly and imperceptibly. I am unwilling to tire myself by blowing a fire which must soon go out, whether I blow it or not.

ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

---

In the country the mind is soothed and satisfied; here is no restraint of motion or of posture. These things, little and indifferent as they may seem, are not so; for the best tempers have need of ease and liberty to keep them in right order long enough for the purposes of composition; and many a froward axiom, many an inhumane

thought, hath arisen from sitting inconveniently, from hearing a few unpleasant sounds, from the confinement of a gloomy chamber, or from the want of symmetry in it. We are not aware of this until we find an exemption from it in groves, on promontories, or along the sea-shore, or wherever else we meet nature face to face, undisturbed and solitary.

EPICURUS.

---

Blessed be the man whose beneficent providence gave the flowers another life! We seem to retain their love when their beauty has departed.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

---

They who stand in high stations, wish for higher; but they who have occupied the highest of all, often think, with regret, of some one pleasanter they left below. The most wonderful thing in human nature is the variance of knowledge and will, where no passion is the stimulant; whence that system of life is often chosen and persevered

in, which a man is well convinced is neither the best for him nor the easiest. Few can see clearly where their happiness lies; and, in those who see it, you will scarcely find one who has the courage to pursue it. Every action must have its motive; but weak motives are sufficient for weak minds; and whenever we see one which we believed to be a stronger, moved habitually by what appears inadequate, we may be certain that there is (to bring a metaphor from the forest) more top than root.

QUINCTUS CICERO.

---

The sun colors the sky most deeply and most diffusely when he hath sunk below the horizon; and they who never said "How beneficently he shines!" say at last, "How brightly he set!"

DIOGENES.

---

Formerly, we were contented with schools of philosophy; we now begin to talk about schools of poetry. Is not that absurd? There is only one school, the universe; one

only school-mistress, nature. Those who are reported to be of such or such a school, are of none; they have played the truant. Some are more careful, some more negligent; some bring many dishes, some fewer; some little seasoned, some highly.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

---

Here is another, in the same hand, a clear and elegant one. Men may be negligent in their handwriting, for men may be in a hurry about the business of life; but I never knew either a sensible woman or an estimable one whose writing was disorderly.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

---

To talk or to think like a child is not always a proof of folly; it may sometimes push aside heavy griefs where the strength of wisdom fails.

ACHILLES.

---

I have never observed the temper of Pericles either above or below the enjoy-

ment of a joke; he invites and retaliates, but never begins, lest he should appear to take a liberty.

There are proud men of so much delicacy that it almost conceals their pride, and perfectly excuses it.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

---

I do believe, Aspasia, that studious men, who look so quiet, are the most restless men in existence.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

---

He who brings ridicule to bear against truth, finds in his hand a blade without a hilt. The most sparkling and pointed flame of wit flickers and expires against the incombustible walls of her sanctuary.

LUCIAN.

---

I really do believe that this idle discourse of Epimedeia, which will tire you, perhaps, was the only one that would not have wearied out my spirits. It neither made



me think nor answer. What a privilege! what a blessing! how seldom to be enjoyed in our conferences with the silly! Ah! do not let me wrong the kind Epimedeas! Those are not silly who have found the way to our hearts; and far other names do they deserve who open to us theirs.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

---

EPICURUS.

She was mistaken in saying bad authors may amuse our idleness. Leontion knows not, then, how sweet and sacred idleness is.

LEONTION.

To render it sweet and sacred, the heart must have a little garden of its own, with its umbrage and fountains and perennial flowers; a careless company! Sleep is called sacred as well as sweet by Homer; and idleness is but a step from it. The idleness of the wise and virtuous should be both, it being the repose and refreshment necessary for past exertions and for future. It punishes the bad man, it rewards the good; the deities enjoy it, and Epicurus

praises it. I was, indeed, wrong in my remark; for we should never seek amusement in the foibles of another, never in coarse language, never in low thoughts. When the mind loses its feeling for elegance, it grows corrupt and grovelling, and seeks in the crowd what ought to be found at home.

---

O sweet sea air! how bland art thou and refreshing! Breathe upon Leontion! breathe upon Ternissa! bring them health and spirits and serenity, many springs and many summers, and when the vine-leaves have reddened and rustle under their feet.

These, my beloved girls, are the children of Eternity: they played around Theseus and the beauteous Amazon; they gave to Pallas the bloom of Venus, and to Venus the animation of Pallas. Is it not better to enjoy by the hour their soft, salubrious influence, than to catch, by fits, the rancid breath of demagogues; than to swell and move under it without or against our will; than to acquire the semblance of eloquence by the bitterness of passion, the tone of

philosophy by disappointment, or the credit of prudence by distrust? Can fortune, can industry, can desert itself, bestow on us any thing we have not here?

EPICURUS.

---

Whoever thinks worthily of God is in danger of being styled an atheist, and whoever would frame his will to the rules of the divine one, a visionary, an enthusiast, or a hypocrite. Fears and formularies, received by men from men, are called religion; belief and trust in Providence, truth, kindness, equity, mere things of this world. O! were they so, were they so indeed! then the confines of this world would touch and almost be confounded with the other; and our hearts and imaginations might every day take exercise and repose there.

PENN.

---

I am as far from despondency and dejection as from joy and cheerfulness. Death has two aspects; dreary and sorrowful to those of prosperous, mild and almost

genial to those of adverse fortune. Her countenance is old to the young, and youthful to the aged; to the former her voice is importunate, her gait terrific: the latter she approaches like a bedside friend, and calls in a whisper that invites to rest. To us, my Quinctus, advanced as we are on our way, weary from its perplexities and dizzy from its precipices, she gives a calm welcome; let her receive a cordial one.

CICERO.

---

How many, adorned with all the rarities of intellect, have stumbled on the entrance into life, and have made a wrong choice on the very thing which was to determine their course forever! This is among the reasons, and perhaps is the principal one, why the wise and the happy are two distinct classes of men.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

---

Do not chide me, then, for coming to you after the blossoms and buds and herbage; do not keep to yourself all the grass

on the Mæander. We used to share it; we will now. I love it wherever I can get a glimpse of it. It is the home of the eyes, ever ready to receive them, and spreading its cool couch for their repose.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

---

Be cautious, O Aspasia! of discoursing on philosophy. Is it not in philosophy as in love? the more we have of it, and the less we talk about it, the better.

ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

---

Why should I be angry with the writers of comedy? Is it because they tell me of the faults I find in myself? Surely not; for he who finds them in himself may be quite certain that others have found them in him long before, and have shown much forbearance in the delay.

PERICLES.

---

Marius is an example that a liberal education is peculiarly necessary where power

is almost unlimited. Quiet, social, philosophical intercourse can alone restrict that tendency to arrogance which war encourages, and alone can inculcate that abstinence from wrong and spoliation, which we have lately seen exercised more intemperately than even by Marius or by Sylla, and carried into the farms and villas of ancient friends and close connections.

QUINCTUS CICERO.

---

EPICURUS.

Ternissa is slow to admit that even the young can deceive, much less the old; the gay, much less the serious.

LEONTION.

It is as wise to moderate our belief as our desires.

EPICURUS.

Some minds require much belief, some thrive on little. Rather an exuberance of it is feminine and beautiful. It acts differently on different hearts; it troubles some, it consoles others: in the generous, it is the nurse of tenderness and kindness, of heroism

and self-devotion; in the ungenerous, it fosters pride, impatience of contradiction and appeal, and, like some waters, what it finds a dry stick or hollow straw, it leaves a stone.

---

The wiser men in Athens tell us that the vulgar have their prejudices. Where, indeed, is the person who never has repeated this observation? Yet believe me, Cleone, it is utterly untrue. The vulgar have not *their* prejudices; they have the prejudices of those who ought to remove them if they had any.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

---

The Englishman is rather an island than an islander; bluff, stormy, rude, abrupt, repulsive, inaccessible.

BOCCACCIO.

---

Thy father was exposed to the obloquy not only of the malicious, but also of the ignorant and thoughtless, who condemn

in the unfortunate what they applaud in the prosperous. There is no shame in poverty or in slavery, if we neither make ourselves poor by our improvidence nor slaves by our venality. The lowest and highest of the human race are sold; most of the intermediate are also slaves, but slaves who bring no money in the market.

Æsop.

---

Two evils, of almost equal weight, may befall the man of erudition: never to be listened to, and to be listened to always.

EPICURUS.

---

Love, serve, run into danger, venture life, for him who would cherish you: give him every thing but your time and your glory. Morning recreations, convivial meals, evening walks, thoughts, questions, wishes, wants, partake with him. Yes, Isaac! there are men born for friendship; men to whom the cultivation of it is nature, is necessity; as the making of honey is to bees. Do not let them suffer for the sweets they would



gather; but do not think to live upon those sweets. Our corrupted state requires robust food, or must grow more and more unsound.

BARROW.

---

There is pleasure in the sight of a glebe which never has been broken; but it delights me particularly in those places where great men have been before. I do not mean warriors: for extremely few among the most remarkable of them will a considerate man call great: but poets and philosophers and philanthropists, the ornaments of society, the charmers of solitude, the warders of civilization, the watchmen at the gate which Tyranny would batter down, and the healers of those wounds which she left festering in the field.

LANDOR.

---

Alcibiades ought not to have captious or inquisitive men about him. I know not what the sophists are good for; I only know they are the very worst instructors:

Logic, however unpervverted, is not for boys: argumentation is among the most dangerous of early practices, and sends away both fancy and modesty. The young mind should be nourished with simple and grateful food, and not too copious. It should be little exercised until its nerves and muscles show themselves, and even then rather for air than any thing else. Study is the bane of boyhood, the aliment of youth, the indulgence of manhood, and the restorative of age.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

---

It is easy to look down on others; to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.

LORD PETERBOROUGH.

---

Happy are those who have retained throughout life their infantine simplicity, which nurses a tractable idol in an unsuspecting bosom, is assured it knows and heeds the voice addressing it, and shuts it up again with a throb of joy, and keeps it warm. For this, the mind must be nur-

tured to the last with the same milky food as in childhood; the Gods must have their tangible images, and must laugh to us out of ivy and flowers.

ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

---

If our thoughts are to be reduced to powder, I would rather it were for an ingredient in a love-potion, to soften with sympathies the human heart, than a charm for raising up spectres to contract and to coerce it. If dust is to be thrown into our eyes, let it be dust from under a bright, enlivening sun, and not the effect of frost and wind.

ASPASIA TO ANAXAGORAS.

---

“Study, then, Aspasia in preference,” said he. “You possess, already, some of her advantages. A beautiful mouth is always eloquent; its defects are taken for tropes and figures. Let us try together which can imitate her best. Neither of us hath

ever seen her out of temper, or forgetful what argument to urge first and most forcibly. When we have much to say, the chief difficulty is to hold back some favorite thought, which presses to come on before its time, and thereby makes a confusion in the rest. If you are master of your temper, and conscious of your superiority, the words and thoughts will keep their ranks, and will come into action with all their energy, compactness, and weight. Never attempt to alter your natural tone of voice; never raise it above its pitch: let it at first be somewhat low and slow. This appears like diffidence; and men are obliged to listen the more attentively, that they may hear it. Beginning with attention, they will retain it during the whole speech; but attention is, with difficulty, caught in the course of one.

PERICLES, spoken to *Alcibiades*.

---

These are not regrets, Cleone; they are respirations, necessary to existence. You may call them half-wishes, if you will.

We are poor, indeed, when we have no half-wishes left us. The heart and the imagination close the shutters the instant they are gone.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

---

There is nothing in poetry, or indeed in society, so unpleasant as affectation. In poetry, it arises from a deficiency of power and a restlessness of pretension; in conversation, from insensibility to the Graces, from an intercourse with bad company, and a misinterpretation of better.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

---

Every time we pronounce a word differently from another, we show our disapprobation of his manner, and accuse him of rusticity. In all common things, we must do as others do. It is more barbarous to undermine the stability of a language than of an edifice that hath stood as long. This is done by the introduction of changes.

Write as others do, but only as the best of others: and if one eloquent man, forty or fifty years ago, spoke and wrote differently from the generality of the present, follow him, though alone, rather than the many. But in pronunciation we are not indulged in this latitude of choice; we must pronounce as those do who favor us with their audience.

PERICLES TO ALCIBIADES.

---

He was unfit for public life, he was unfit for private. Perverse, insolent, selfish, he hated tyranny because he could not be a tyrant.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

---

How much greater would the greatest man appear, if any one about him could perceive those innumerable filaments of thought, which break as they arise from the brain, and the slenderest of which is worth all the wisdom of many at whose discretion lies the felicity of nations! This

in itself is impossible; but there are fewer who mark what appears on a sudden, and disappears again (such is the conversation of the wise) than there are who calculate those stars that are now coming forth above us; scarcely one in several millions can apportion, to what is exalted in mind, its magnitude, place, and distance. We must be contented to be judged by that which people can discern and handle; that which they can have among them most at leisure, is most likely to be well examined and duly estimated.

CICERO.

---

These verses are testimonials of a fine fancy in Donne; and I like the man the better who admits Love into his study late and early; for which two reasons I seized the lines at first with some avidity. On second thoughts, however, I doubt whether I shall insert them in my biography, or indeed hint at the origin of them. In the whole story of his marriage with the daughter of Sir George More, there is something so sacredly romantic, so full of

that which bursts from the tenderest heart and from the purest, that I would admit no other light or landscape to the portraiture. For if there is aught, precedent or subsequent, that offends our view of an admirable character, or intercepts or lessens it, we may surely cast it down and suppress it, and neither be called injudicious nor disingenuous. I think it no more requisite to note every fit of anger or of love, than to chronicle the returns of a hiccup, or the times a man rubs between his fingers a sprig of sweet-brier to extract its smell. Let the character be taken in the complex ; and let the more obvious and best peculiarities be marked plainly and distinctly, or (if those predominate) the worst. These latter I leave to others, of whom the school is full, who like anatomy the better, because the subject of their incisions was hanged. When I would sit upon a bank, in my angling, I look for the even turf, and do not trust myself so willingly to a rotten stump or a sharp one. I am not among those who, speaking ill of the virtuous, say, " Truth obliges me to confess . . the interests of Learning and Society demand



from me . . ." and such things ; when this Truth of theirs is the elder sister of Malevolence, and teaches her half her tricks ; and when the interests of Learning and of Society may be found in the printer's ledger, under the author's name, by the side of shillings and pennies.

WALTON.

---

Love of power resides in the breast of every man, and is well regulated and discreet in few. Accompanied by genius, it is likewise too frequently accompanied by pride and arrogance. Although it assumes to itself the highest character, it is really among the weakest of our affections. Christianity, in its unadulterated form, is perfectly adapted to control it ; in its adulterated, it has been the main support of aggression and iniquity.

WASHINGTON.

---

Modesty is the bridemaïd of Concord. She not only hangs her garland on the door of the nuptial chamber, but she be-

strews, with refreshing herbs, the whole apartment, every day of life. Without her, where is Harmony ? or what is Beauty ? Without her, the sight of returning spring has bitter pangs in it : without her, the songs of love in the woodland, and the symbols of mated innocence on the tree apart, afflict the bosom, sensitive no longer but to reminiscences and wrath.

DANTE.

---

I have done no such thing ; I have exposed the vanities of the philosophizing and the powerful. Philosophy is admirable ; and Power may be glorious : the one conduces to truth, the other has nearly all the means of conferring peace and happiness ; but it usually, and indeed almost always, takes a contrary direction. I have ridiculed the futility of speculative minds, only when they would pave the clouds instead of the streets. To see distant things better than near, is a certain proof of a defective sight. The people I have held in derision never turn their eyes to what they can see, but direct them continually

where nothing is to be seen. And this, by their disciples, is called the sublimity of speculation ! There is little merit acquired, or force exhibited, in blowing off a feather that would settle on my nose ; and this is all I have done in regard to the philosophers ; but I claim for myself the approbation of humanity, in having shown the true dimensions of the great.

LUCIAN.

---

The brightest of stars appear the most unsteady and tremulous in their light ; not from any quality inherent in themselves, but from the vapors that float below, and from the imperfection of vision in the surveyor.

PLATO.

---

EPICURUS.

Hither, to these banks of serpolet ; to these strawberries, whose dying leaves breathe a most refreshing fragrance ; to this ivy, from which Bacchus may have crowned himself ; let us retire at the voice

of Discord. Whom should we contend with? The less? it were inglorious. The greater? it were vain. Do we look for Truth? she is not the inhabitant of cities, nor delights in clamor: she steals upon the calm and meditative as Diana upon Endymion, indulgent in her chastity, encouraging a modest, and requiting a faithful, love.

LEONTION.

How Ternissa sighs after Truth!

EPICURUS.

If Truth appeared in daylight, among mortals, she would surely resemble Ternissa. Those white and lucid cheeks, that youth which appears more youthful (for, unless we are near her, we think her yet a child,) and that calm, open forehead . . .

LEONTION.

Malicious girl! she conceals it!

EPICURUS.

Ingenious girl! the resemblance was, until now, imperfect. We must remove the veil ourselves; for Truth, whatever the

poets may tell us, never comes without one, diaphanous or opaque.

If those who differ on speculative points, would walk together, now and then, in the country, they might find many objects that must unite them. The same bodily feeling is productive, in some degree, of the same mental one. Enjoyment from sun and air, from exercise and odors, brings hearts together that schools, and council-chambers, and popular assemblies have stood between for years.

---

Leaving to us the country and fresh air, and, what itself is the least tranquil thing in nature, but is the most potent tranquilizer of an excited soul, the sea.

DEMOSTHENES.

---

Quickness is among the least of the mind's properties, and belongs to her in almost her lowest state; nay, it doth not abandon her when she is driven from her home, when she is wandering and insane. The mad often retain it: the liar has it,

the cheat has it; we find it on the race-course and at the card-table; education does not give it, and reflection takes away from it.

BARROW.

---

We are apt to push forward at that which we are without: the low-born at titles and distinctions, the silly at wit, the knave at the semblance of probity. But I was about to remark, that an honest man may fairly scoff at all philosophies and religions which are proud, ambitious, intemperate, and contradictory. The thing most adverse to the spirit and essence of them all, is falsehood. It is the business of the philosophical to seek truth; it is the office of the religious to worship her; under what name, is unimportant. The falsehood that the tongue commits is slight, in comparison with what is conceived by the heart, and executed by the whole man, throughout life. If, professing love and charity to the human race at large, I quarrel, day after day, with my next neighbor; if, professing that the rich can never see

God, I spend, in the luxuries of my household, a talent monthly ; if, professing to place so much confidence in his word, that, in regard to worldly weal, I need take no care for to-morrow, I accumulate stores even beyond what would be necessary, though I quite distrusted both his providence and his veracity ; if, professing that “ he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord,” I question the Lord’s security, and haggle with him about the amount of the loan ; if, professing that I am their steward, I keep ninety-nine parts in the hundred as the emolument of my stewardship ; how, when God hates liars, and punishes defrauders, shall I, and other such thieves and hypocrites, fare hereafter ?

LUCIAN.

---

Ionia is far more beautiful than Attica, Miletus than Athens ; for about Athens there is no verdure ; no spacious, and full, and flowing river ; few gardens, many olive-trees ; so many, indeed, that we seem to be in an eternal cloud of dust. However, when the sea-breezes blow, this tree

itself looks beautiful ; it looks, in its pliable and undulating branches, irresolute as Ariadne when she was urged to fly, and pale as Orithyia when she was borne away.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

---

EPICURUS.

Man is a hater of truth, a lover of fiction.

LEONTION.

How then happens it, that children, when you have related to them any story which has greatly interested them, ask immediately, and impatiently, Is it true ?

EPICURUS.

Children are not men nor women: they are almost as different creatures, in many respects, as if they never were to be the one or the other; they are as unlike as buds are unlike flowers, and almost as blossoms are unlike fruits. Greatly are they better than they are about to be, unless Philosophy raises her hand above them when the noon is coming on, and shelters them, at one season, from the heats that



would scorch and wither, and, at another, from the storms that would shatter and subvert them.

---

There is as much difference between Epaminondas and Alexander, as between the Nile and a winter torrent. In this, there is more impetuosity, foam, and fury; more astonishment from spectators; but it is followed by devastation and barrenness. In that, there is an equable, a steady, and perennial course, swelling from its ordinary state only for the benefit of mankind, and subsiding only when that has been secured.

ARISTOTELES.

---

Some of us would be Grecian in our houses, forgetting that the Greeks made a wide difference between the construction of a house and of a temple. Even if they had not, still, the climates of the two countries are so different, that what would be convenient on the shores of the Ægean Sea, would be ill placed on the shores of the British Channel. Exposed to our biting

winds, the Corinthian acanthus would soon shed its beautiful foliage. And what, indeed, have we to do with the ram's skull and horns belonging to the Ionian? We, who slay no rams for sacrifice, and to whom, therefore, such a decoration is without a memorial and without a meaning. But Ionian pilasters are admissible to the fronts of our houses, and Ionian columns to our public edifices. However, the ornaments of the capitals should be taken from what is indigenous and appropriate. The portals in England are despicably poor; whereas, to these is greatly owing the dignity of the exterior; and the dignity of the interior to the staircase. In this, likewise, the best houses of London, with very few exceptions, are deficient.

LANDOR.

---

We say that our days are few! and, saying it, we say too much. Marie-Angélique, we have but one; the past are not ours, and who can promise us the future? This in which we live is ours only while we live in it; the next moment may strike it

off from us; the next sentence I would utter may be broken and fall between us.

BOSSUET

---

I am ignorant of the art, and prefer that branch of it which, to many, seems the lowest; I mean portraiture. I can find flowers in my garden, landscapes in my rides, the works of saints in the Bible, of great statesmen and great captains in the historians, and of those who, with equal advantages, had been the same, in the Newgate Calendar. The best representation of them can only give me a high opinion of the painter's abilities, fixed on a point of time. But when I look on a family picture, by Vandyck; when I contemplate the elegant and happy father, in the midst of his blooming progeny, and the partner of his fortunes and his joys beside him; I am affected very differently, and much more. He who there stands meditating for them some delightful scheme of pleasure or aggrandizement, has bowed his head to calamity, perhaps even to the block. Those roses gathered from the parterre behind,

those taper fingers negligently holding them ; that hair, the softness of which seems unable to support the riot of its ringlets, are moved away from earth, amid the tears and aching hearts of the very boys and girls who again are looking at me with such unconcern.

Faithfullest recorder of domestic bliss, perpetuator of youth and beauty, vanquisher of time, leading in triumph the Hours and Seasons, the painter here bestows on me the richest treasures of his enchanting art.

LORD PETERBOROUGH.

---

No falsehood is more palpable than that wisdom leads to happiness : I mean in this world ; in another we may well, indeed, believe that the words are constructed of very different materials. But here we are, standing on a barren molehill, that crumbles and sinks under our tread ; here we are ; and show me from hence, Von Kotzebue, a discoverer who has not suffered for his discovery, whether it be of a world or of a truth, whether a Columbus or a Galileo. Let us

come down lower. Show me a man who has detected the injustice of a law, the absurdity of a tenet, the malversation of a minister, or the impiety of a priest, and who has not been stoned, or hanged, or burnt, or imprisoned, or exiled, or reduced to poverty. The chain of Prometheus is hanging yet upon his rock, and weaker limbs writhe daily in its rusty links. Who then, unless for others, would be a darer of wisdom ?

SANDT.

---

A forced match between a man and his religion, sours his temper and leaves a barren bed.

LORD BROOKE.

---

Very true. Neither the higher arts nor the civic virtues can flourish extensively without the statues of illustrious men. But gardens are not the places for them. Sparrows wooing on the general's truncheon, (unless he be such a general as one of ours in the last war,) and snails besliming the

emblems of the poet, do not remind us worthily of their characters. Porticos are their proper situations, and those the most frequented.

EPICURUS.

---

The higher delights of the mind are in this, as in every thing else, very different in their effects from its seductive passions. These cease to gratify us the sooner, the earlier we indulge in them: on the contrary, the earlier we indulge in thought and reflection, the longer do they last, and the more faithfully do they serve us. So far are they from shortening or debilitating our animal life, that they prolong and strengthen it greatly. The body is as much at repose in the midst of high imaginations as in the midst of profound sleep. In imperfect sleep it wears away much, as also in imperfect thoughts; in thoughts that cannot rise from the earth and sustain themselves above it. The object which is in a direct line behind a thing, seems near: now nothing is in a more direct line than death to life; why should it not also be considered,

on the first sight, as near at hand ? Swells and depressions, smooth ground and rough, usually lie between ; the distance may be rather more or rather less ; the proximity is certain.

ARISTOTELES.

---

This beautiful earth, these heavens in their magnificence and splendor, have seen things more lovely and more glorious than themselves. The throne of God is a speck of darkness, if you compare it with the heart that beats only and beats constantly to pour forth its blood for the preservation of our country !

GEN. LACY.

---

CORNELIA.

After such devotion of your genius, you have undergone too many misfortunes.

TASSO.

Congratulate the man who has had many, and may have more. I have had, I have, I can have, one only.

CORNELIA.

Life runs not smoothly at all seasons, even with the happiest; but after a long course, the rocks subside, the views widen, and it flows on more equably at the end.

TASSO.

Have the stars smooth surfaces? No, no; but how they shine!

CORNELIA.

Capable of thoughts so exalted, so far above the earth we dwell on, why suffer any to depress and anguish you?

TASSO.

Cornelia, Cornelia! the mind has within it temples, and porticos, and palaces, and towers; the mind has under it, ready for the course, steeds brighter than the sun, and stronger than the storm; and beside them stand winged chariots, more in number than the Psalmist hath attributed to the Almighty. The mind, I tell thee again, hath its hundred gates, compared whereto the Theban are but willow wickets: and all those hundred gates can genius throw



open. But there are some that groan heavily on their hinges, and the hand of God alone can close them.

---

What is companionship, where nothing that improves the intellect is communicated, and where the larger heart contracts itself to the model and dimension of the smaller ? 'T is a dire calamity to *have* a slave ; 't is an inexpiable curse to *be* one.

DIAGENES.

---

A smile is ever the most bright and beautiful with a tear upon it. What is the dawn without its dew ? The tear is rendered by the smile precious above the smile itself.

DANTE.

---

The worst of unbelief is that which regrets the goodness of our heavenly Father, and from which there springs in us a desire of breaking what we cannot bend, and of

twisting wire after wire, and tying knot after knot, in his scourge. Christianity, as I understand it, lies not in belief but in action. That servant is a good servant who obeys the just orders of his master ; not he who repeats his words, measures his stature, or traces his pedigree ! On all occasions, it is well to be a little more than tolerant ; especially when a wiser and better man than ourselves thinks differently from us.

ROMILLY.

---

That thou hast many, I do verily believe, and that thou art unaware of this lying at the bottom of them ; as a feather will sink below the surface of the water when it is bemired. A sick man knoweth well enough that he is sick, but he knoweth not by what proper name to call his ailment, or whence it originated. If thou art wiser than the many, do that which thou thyself approvest, rather than what they may look for ; and be assured that, when they admire thee most, thou hast done something wrong. For, if they are ignorant, as we know they

are, it were superfluous and redundant to say that their judgments are incorrect. Thy own heart is the standard which thy intellect should follow, under the command of God. Vanity bears nothing: what wouldst thou from it? a public path of flinty materials, trodden on backward and forward from morning to night, and holding no particle of the dews of heaven. Thou knowest what poor sordid creatures direct and control the counsels of those who proclaim to us aloud and confidently that they act under God, and God only.

PENN.

---

The broad and billowy summits of yon monstrous trees, one would imagine, were made for the storms to rest upon when they are tired of raving.

TERNISSA.

---

This is not malice, in man or beast. Malice is ill-will without just cause, and desire to injure without any hope of benefiting from it. Tigers and serpents seize

on the unwary, and inflict deadly wounds; tigers from sport or hunger, serpents from fear or hurt: neither of them from malice, neither of them from hatred. Dogs, indeed, and horses, do acquire hatred in their domestic state; they had none originally; they must sleep under man's roof before they share with him his high feeling; that high feeling which renders him the destroyer of his own kind, and the devourer of his own heart. We are willing to consider both revenge and envy as much worse blemishes in the character than malice. Yet, for one who is invidious, there are six or seven who are malicious, and for one who is revengeful, there are fifty. In revenge, there must be something of energy, however short-breathed and indeterminate. Many are exempt from it, because they are idle and forgetful; more, because they are circumspect and timid; but nothing hinders the same people from being malicious. Envy, abominable as we call her, and as she is, often stands upon a richly-figured base, and is to be recognized only by the sadness with which she leans over the emblems of power and genius. The con-

tracted heart of Malice can never swell to sadness. Seeing nothing that she holds desirable, she covets nothing; she would rather the extinction than the possession of what is amiable; she hates high and low, bad and good, coldly pertinacious, and lazily morose.

DIOGENES.

---

The generals of France have performed great actions; but they had great means. First of them all was the spirit of Liberty, which played around their helmets, like those brilliant lights the ancients took for Castor or Pollux; signs of victory wherever they appeared.

BLUCHER.

---

I cannot lead thee where, of a certainty, thou mayest always find it; but I will tell thee what it is. Truth is a point; the subtlest and finest; harder than adamant; never to be broken, worn away, or blunted. Its only bad quality is, that it is sure to hurt those who touch it; and likely to

draw blood, perhaps the life-blood, of those who press earnestly upon it. Let us away from this narrow lane skirted with hemlock, and pursue our road again through the wind and dust, toward the *great* man and the *powerful*. Him I would call the powerful one, who controls the storms of his mind, and turns to good account the worst accidents of his fortune. The great man, I was going on to demonstrate, is somewhat more. He must be able to do this, and he must have an intellect which puts into motion the intellect of others.

—  
DIOGENES.

PARKER.

Ever too hard upon great men, Mr. Marvel !

MARVEL.

Little men in lofty places, who throw long shadows because our sun is setting; the men so little and the places so lofty, that, casting my pebble, I only show where they stand. They would be less contented with themselves if they had obtained their preferment honestly. Luck and dexterity

always give more pleasure than intellect and knowledge; because they fill up what they fall on to the brim at once, and people run to them with acclamations at the splash. Wisdom is reserved and noiseless, contented with hard earnings, and daily letting go some early acquisition, to make room for better specimens. But great is the exultation of a worthless man, when he receives, for the chips and raspings of his Bridewell logwood, a richer reward than the best and wisest, for extensive tracts of well-cleared truths.

---

The worst atheists are not those who deny the existence of a Deity, but those who arrogate to themselves the attributes. Every man must be conscious of his daily wants and weaknesses, common alike to him and to all his fellow-creatures. And if it were in the nature of things that his vanity should render him blind to them, or that his presumption should impel him to seize with avidity what the imbecile or the wicked may offer, yet there are hours of repentance and of remorse; there are

lights brought by invisible hands into the midnight chamber; and there is an account-book laid by them on his breast, of insufferable weight, until he rises to open it, and even less tolerable when he peruses its contents.

LANDOR.

---

Faith and troth! we mortals are odd fishes. We care not how many see us in choler, when we rave and bluster, and make as much noise and bustle as we can; but if the kindest and most generous affection comes across us, we suppress every sign of it, and hide ourselves in nooks and coverts.

WALTON.

---

Depend upon it, if the time should come when you gentlemen of the hustings have persuaded the populace that they may hoot down and trample on men of integrity and information, you yourself will lead an uncomfortable life, and they a restless and profitless one. No man is happier than he who, being in a humble station, is treated



with affability and kindness by one in a higher. Do you believe that any opposition, any success, against this higher, can afford the same pleasure? If you do, little have you lived among the people whose cause you patronize, little know you of their character and nature. We are happy by the interchange of kind offices, and even by the expression of good-will. Heat and animosity, contest and conflict, may sharpen the wits, although they rarely do; they never strengthen the understanding, clear the perspicacity, guide the judgment, or improve the heart.

DR. JOHNSON.

---

SPENSER.

Calamities there are around us; calamities there are all over the earth; calamities there are in all seasons; but none in any season, none in any place, like mine.

ESSEX.

So say all fathers, so say all husbands. Look at any old mansion-house, and let the sun shine as gloriously as it may on the

golden vanes, or the arms recently quartered over the gateway, or the embayed window, and on the happy pair that haply is toying at it; nevertheless, thou mayst say that of a certainty the same fabric hath seen much sorrow within its chambers, and heard many wailings; and each time, this was the heaviest stroke of all. Funerals have passed along through the stout-hearted knights upon the wainscot, and amid the laughing nymphs upon the arras. Old servants have shaken their heads, as if somebody had deceived them, when they found that beauty and nobility could perish.

Edmund! the things that are too true pass by us as if they were not true at all; and when they have singled us out, then only do they strike us. Thou and I must go too. Perhaps the next year may blow us away with its fallen leaves.

---

Gambling is the origin of more extensive misery than all other crimes put together; and the mischief falls principally on the unoffending and helpless. It leads,

by insensible degrees, a greater number of wretches to the gallows than the higher atrocities from which that terminus is seen more plainly. And yet statesmen make it the means of revenue, and kings bestow on it the title of *royal* under the name of lottery. The royal lottery-keeper is both a gambler and a swindler; for, in his playing, he knows that the stake he lays down is unequal to his opponent's.

TOOKE.

---

Wisdom consisteth not in knowing many things, nor even in knowing them thoroughly; but in choosing and in following what conduces the most certainly to our lasting happiness and true glory.

HOOKE.

---

There are questions which may be investigated by two friends in private, and which I would, on no account, lay before the public in their rank freshness and fullness. In like manner, there are substances, the chief nutriment of whole nations, which

are poison until prepared. I would appeal to the judgment and the heart together. He is the most mischievous of incendiaries who inflames the heart against the judgment, and he is the most ferocious of schismatics who divides the judgment from the heart.

ROMILLY.

---

Never take into your confidence, or admit often into your company, any man who does not know, on some important subject, more than you do. Be his rank, be his virtues, what they may, he will be a hindrance to your pursuits, and an obstruction to your greatness.

BARROW.

---

Well aware, as I am, that never to change is thought an indication of rectitude and wisdom. But if every thing in this world is progressive; if every thing is defective; if our growth, if our faculties, are obvious and certain signs of it; then surely we should and must be different in different

ages and conditions. Consciousness of error is, to a certain extent, a consciousness of understanding; and correction of error is the plainest proof of energy and mastery.

BISHOP PARKER.

---

Old trees in their living state are the only things that money cannot command. Rivers leave their beds, run into cities, and traverse mountains for it; obelisks and arches, palaces and temples, amphitheatres and pyramids, rise up like exhalations at its bidding; even the free spirit of Man, the only thing great on earth, crouches and cowers in its presence. It passes away and vanishes before venerable trees. What a sweet odor is here? whence comes it? sweeter it appears to me, and stronger, than of the pine itself.

LANDOR.

---

Our English burial service is the most impressive thing to be found in any religion, old or recent: it is framed on the character of the people, and preserves it.

I have seen every other part of clerical duty neglected or traversed ; but I never saw a clergyman who failed in this, when ' he consigned his parishioner to the grave.

---

LANDOR.

My philosophy is not for the populace, nor for the proud ; the ferocious will never attain it : the gentle will embrace it, but will not call it mine. I do not desire that they should ; let them rest their heads upon that part of the pillow which they find the softest, and enjoy their own dreams unbroken.

---

EPICURUS.

There is little perfect truth in the most sagacious of historians, and little pure love of it in the best of men. We are as unwilling to exchange our thoughts for another's as our children, whatever more they may possess of strength or beauty ; and the way to conciliate our suffrages, is not by dictating and teaching, but by laying before us evidences and testimonies, by collecting

what may corroborate them from circumstances, and by raising us to the dignity of judges. The ancients drew characters; we discourse on them; a much easier matter. Every thing now is compendious and economical; we make soups from bones, and histories from metaphysics.

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

---

Pericles rarely says he likes any thing; but whenever he is pleased, he expresses it by his countenance, although when he is displeased he never shows it, even by the faintest sign. It was long before I ventured to make the observation to him; he replied,

“It would be ungrateful and ungentle not to return my thanks for any pleasure imparted to me, when a smile has the power of conveying them. I never say that a thing pleases me while it is yet undone or absent, lest I should give somebody the trouble of performing or producing it. As for what is displeasing, I really am insensible, in general, to matters of this nature;

and when I am not so, I experience more of satisfaction in subduing my feeling than I ever felt of displeasure at the occurrence which excited it. Politeness is in itself a power, and takes away the weight and galling from every other we may exercise. I foresee," he added, "that Alcibiades will be an elegant man, but I apprehend he will never be a polite one. There is a difference, and a greater than we are apt to perceive or imagine. Alcibiades would win without conciliating: he would seize and hold, but would not acquire. The man who is determined to keep others fast and firm, must have one end of the bond about his own breast, sleeping and waking."

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

---

If men in general were much nearer to perfection than they are, the noblest of human works would be further from it. From the fall of Adam to the slaughter of Hector, how vastly has genius been elevated by our imperfections! What history, what romance, what poem, interests us by un-



mixed good or by unwavering consistency ? We require in you strong motives, pertinacious resolves, inflexible wills, and ardent passions ; you require in us all our weaknesses. From your shore, start forth abrupt and lofty precipices ; on ours, diametrically opposite, lie sequestered bays and deep recesses. We deride the man who is, or would be, like us in any thing, the vain one in particular. Vanity in women is not invariably, though it is too often, the sign of a cold and selfish heart ; in men it always is ; therefore we ridicule it in society, and in private hate it.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

---

We may discern, I think, the characters of nations in their different modes of salutation. We Italians reply, *Sto bene* ; the ancient Romans, *valeo* ; the Englishman, I am *well* ; the Frenchman, *I carry myself well*. Here, the Italian, the best formed of Europeans, stands with gracefulness and firmness ; in short, *stands well*. The Roman, proudly confident in his strength, says, *I am stout and hearty*. The Englishman

feels, throughout mind and body, this "standing well," this calm, confident vigor, and says, I *am* well. The Frenchman *carries himself so*.

THE GRAND DUKE LEOPOLD.

---

PENN.

If thou lovest true glory, thou must trust her truth; that, like the Eurydice of the poet, she followeth him invariably who doth not turn and gaze after her; and slip-peth irrecoverably from his embrace who, amid shadows and hellish sights, would seize her and enjoy her upon earth.

PETERBOROUGH.

The oil runs to that part of a lamp where there is heat to use it; the animal spirits, in like manner, to the occupation that can absorb them.

---

But Bacon, Bacon, to whom the earth had never seen (and was only then about

to see) an equal; Bacon, to whom Milton and Shakspeare might have risen and looked up reverentially, was lured away by Avarice, in the specious form of Ambition; and Ingratitude, the only fiend as odious, cast him down among worse than dead men, from the pinnacle of glory.

PRESIDENT DUPATY.

---

Epimedeia, it appears, has not corrupted very grossly, your purity and simplicity in dress. Yet, remembering your observation on armlets, I cannot but commend your kindness and sufferance in wearing her emeralds. Your opinion was, formerly, that we should be careful not to subdivide our persons. The arm is composed of three parts; no one of them is too long. Now, the armlet intersects that portion of it which must be considered as the most beautiful. In my idea of the matter, the sandal alone is susceptible of gems, after the zone has received the richest. The zone is necessary to our vesture, and encompasses the person, in every quarter of the humanized

world, in one invariable manner. The hair, too, is divided, by nature, in the middle of the head. There is a cousinship between the hair and the flowers; and from this relation, the poets have called by the same name the leaves and it. They appear on the head as if they had been seeking one another. Our national dress, very different from the dresses of barbarous nations, is not the invention of the ignorant or the slave; but the sculptor, the painter, and the poet have studied how best to adorn the most beautiful object of their fancies and contemplations. The Indians, who believe that human pains and sufferings are pleasing to the deity, make incisions in their bodies, and insert into them imperishable colors. They also adorn the ears, and noses, and foreheads of their gods. These were the ancestors of the Egyptian; we chose handsomer and better-tempered ones for our worship, but retained the same decorations in our sculpture, and to a degree which the sobriety of the Egyptian had reduced and chastened. Hence we retain the only mark of barbarism which dishonors our national dress, the use of ear-rings. If our statues

should all be broken by some convulsion of the earth, would it be believed by future ages that, in the country and age of Sophocles, the women tore holes in their ears to let rings into, as the more brutal of peasants do with the snouts of sows !

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

---

Euripides was less affected. He writes tenderly, but is not tender. There are hearts that call for imagination; there are others that create it.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

---

Now the desire of great influence over others is praiseworthy only where great good to the community may arise from it. To domineer in the arbitrary sway of a dogmatical and grasping, yet loose and empty-handed philosophy, which never bears upon inventions and uses, nor elevates nor tranquillizes the mind, and to look upon ourselves with a sweet complacency from

so petty an eminence, is worse than boyish ambition. To call idlers and stragglers to us, and to sit among them and regale on their wonder, is the selfishness of an indigent and ill-appointed mind.

PERICLES TO ALCIBIADES.

---

There is no giddiness in looking down the precipices of youth ; it is the rapidity and heat of its course that brings the giddiness. When we are near its termination, a chilly thrill comes over us, whether we look before or behind. Yet there is something like enchantment in the very sound of the word *youth*, and the calmest heart, at every season of life, beats in double time to it.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

---

Painting, by degrees, will perceive her advantages over Sculpture ; but, if there are paces between Sculpture and Painting, there are parasangs between Painting and Poetry. The difference is that of a lake

confined by mountains, and a river running on through all the varieties of scenery, perpetual and unimpeded. Sculpture and Painting are moments of life; Poetry is life itself, and every thing around it and above it.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

---

If life is a present which any one, fore-knowing its contents, would have willingly declined, does it not follow that any one would as willingly give it up, having well tried what they are! I speak of the reasonable, the firm, the virtuous; not of those who, like bad governors, are afraid of laying down the powers and privileges they have been proved unworthy of holding. Were it certain, that the longer we live the wiser we become, and the happier, then, indeed, a long life would be desirable; but since, on the contrary, our mental strength decays, and our enjoyments of every kind not only sink and cease, but diseases and sorrows come in place of them, if any wish is rational, it is surely the wish that we should go away unshaken by years,

undepressed by griefs, and undespoiled of our better faculties. Life and death appear more certainly ours than whatsoever else; and yet hardly can that be called ours, which comes without our knowledge, and goes without it; or that which we cannot put aside, if we would, and indeed can anticipate but little. There are few who can regulate life to any extent; none who can order the things it shall receive or exclude. What value, then, should be placed upon it by the prudent man, when duty or necessity calls him away? or what reluctance should he feel on passing into a state where, at least, he must be conscious of fewer checks and inabilities? Such, my brother, as the brave commander, when from the secret and dark passages of some fortress, wherein implacable enemies beseiged him, having performed all his duties, and exhausted all his munition, he issues, at a distance, into open day.

Every thing has its use; life to teach us the contempt of death, and death the contempt of life. Glory, which among all things between, stands eminently the principal, although it has been considered by



some philosophers as mere vanity and deception, moves those great intellects which nothing else could have stirred, and places them where they can best and most advantageously serve the commonwealth. Glory can be safely despised by those only who have fairly won it: a low, ignorant, or vicious man should dispute on other topics.

CICERO.

---

Truth, like the juice of the poppy, in small quantities, calms men; in larger, heats and irritates them, and is attended by fatal consequences in its excess.

MIDDLETON.

---

Talkative men seldom read. This is among the few truths which appear the more strange the more we reflect upon them. For what is reading but silent conversation? People make extremely free use of their other senses; and I know not what difficulty they could find or apprehend in making use of their eyes, particularly in the gratification of a propensity which they

indulge so profusely by the tongue. The fatigue, you would think, is less; the one organ requiring much motion, the other little. Added to which, they may leave their opponent when they please, and never are subject to captiousness or personality. In open contention with an argumentative adversary, the worst brand a victor imposes is a blush. The talkative man blows the fire himself for the reception of it; and we cannot deny that it may likewise be suffered by a reader, if his conscience lies open to reproach; yet even in this case, the stigma is illegible on his brow; no one triumphs in his defeat, or even freshens his wound, as may sometimes happen, by the warmth of sympathy. All men, you and I among the rest, are more desirous of conversing with a great philosopher, or other celebrated man, than of reading his works. There are several reasons for this; some of which it would be well if we could deny or palliate. In justice to ourselves and him, we ought to prefer his writings to his speech; for even the wisest say many things inconsiderately; and there never was one of them in the world who ever uttered extemporane-

ously three sentences in succession, such as, if he thought soundly and maturely upon them afterward, he would not, in some sort, modify and correct. Effrontery and hardness of heart are the characteristics of every great speaker I can mention, excepting Phocion; and if he is exempt from them, it is because eloquence, in which no one ever excelled or ever will excel him, is secondary to philosophy in this man, and philosophy to generosity of spirit. On the same principle as impudence is the quality of great speakers and disputants, modesty is that of great readers and composers. Not only are they abstracted by their studies from the facilities of ordinary conversation, but they discover, from time to time, things of which they were ignorant before, and on which they had not even the ability of doubting. We, my Callisthenes, may consider them not only as gales that refresh us while they propel us forward, but as a more compendious engine of the gods, whereby we are brought securely into harbor, and deeply laden with imperishable wealth. Let us then strive day and night to increase the number of these beneficent beings, and

to stand among them in the sight of the living and the future. It is required of us that we give more than we received.

ARISTOTELES.

---

Sheds and hovels, the first habitations (at least, the first artificial ones) of men, were built to live in, and not to look on: but houses are built for both: otherwise why give directions for the proportions of porticos, of columns, of intercolumniations, and of whatever else delights the beholder in architecture, and flatters the possessor? Is the beauty of cities no honor to the inhabitants, no excitement to the defence? External order in visible objects hath relation and intercourse with internal propriety and decorousness. I doubt not but the beauty of Athens had much effect on the patriotism, and some on the genius, of the Athenians. Part of the interest and animation men receive from Homer lies in their conception of the magnificence of Troy. Even the little rock of Ithaca rears up its palaces sustained by pillars; and pillars are that portion of an edifice on which the

attention rests longest and most complacently. For we have no other means of calculating so well the grandeur of edifices, as by the magnitude of the support they need; and it is the only thing about them which we measure in any way by our own.

NEWTON.

---

Titian ennobled men; Correggio raised children into angels; Raffael performed the more arduous work of restoring to woman her pristine purity. Perugino was worthy of leading him by the hand. I am not surprised that Rubens is the prime favorite of tulip-fanciers; but give me the clear, warm mornings of Correggio, which his large-eyed angels, just in puberty, so enjoy. Give me the glowing afternoons of Titian; his majestic men, his gorgeous women, and (with a prayer to protect my virtue,) his Bacchantes. Yet, Signors! we may descant on grace and majesty as we will, believe me, there is neither majesty so calm, concentrated, sublime, and self-possessed, (true attributes of the divine,) nor is there grace at one time so human, at another time

so superhuman, as in Raffael. He leads us into heaven; but neither in satin robes nor with ruddy faces. He excludes the glare of light from the sanctuary; but there is an ever-burning lamp, an ever-ascending hymn; and the purified eye sees, as distinctly as is lawful, the divinity of the place. I delight in Titian; I love Correggio; I wonder at the vastness of Michel-Angelo; I admire, love, wonder, and then fall down before Raffael.

CARDINAL ALBANI.

---

BARROW.

We will then lay aside the supposition. The haven of philosophy itself is not free at all seasons from its gusts and swells. Let me admonish you to confide your secrets to few: I mean the secrets of science. In every great mind there are some; every deep inquirer hath discovered more than he thought it prudent to avow, as almost every shallow one throws out more than he hath well discovered. Among our learned friends we may be fully and unreservedly philosophical; in the company of others we

must remember, first and chiefly, that discretion is a part of philosophy; and we must let out only some glimpses of the remainder.

NEWTON.

Surely no harm can befall us from following a chain of demonstrations in geometry, or any branch of the mathematics.

BARROW.

Let us hope there may be none: nevertheless, we cannot but recollect how lately Galileo was persecuted and imprisoned for his discoveries.

NEWTON.

He lived under a popish government.

BARROW.

My friend! my friend! all the most eminently scientific, all the most eminently brave and daring in the exercise of their intellects, live, and have ever lived, under a popish government. There are popes in all creeds, in all countries, in all ages. Political power is jealous of intellectual; often lest it expose and mar its plans and projects, and oftener lest it attract an equal share of

celebrity and distinction. Whenever the literary man is protected by the political, the incitement to it is the pride of patronage, not the advancement of letters, nor the honor they confer on the cultivator or the country.

---

## PLATO.

It happens that we do not see the stars at eventide, sometimes because there are clouds intervening, but oftener, because there are glimmerings of light; thus, many truths escape us from the obscurity we stand in; and many more from that crepuscular state of mind which induceth us to sit down satisfied with our imaginations and unsuspecting of our knowledge.

## DIOGENES.

Keep always to the point, or with an eye upon it, and instead of saying things to make people stare and wonder, say what will withhold them hereafter from wondering and staring. This is philosophy; to make remote things tangible, common things extensively useful, useful things ex-



sensitively common and to leave the least necessary for the last. I have always a suspicion of sonorous sentences. The full shell sounds little, but shows by that little what is within. A bladder swells out more with wind than with oil.

---

A bell warbles the more mellifluously in the air when the sound of the stroke is over, and when another swims out from underneath it, and pants upon the element that gave it birth. In like manner the recollection of a thing is frequently more pleasing than the actuality; what is harsh is dropped in the space between.

FILIPPO LIPPI.

---

I never journeyed so far through so enchanting a scenery as there is almost the whole of the way from Arezzo to Rome, particularly round Terni and Narni and Perugia.

Our master Virgil speaks of dreams that swarm upon the branches of one solitary

elm. In this country, more than dreams swarm upon every spray and leaf; and every murmur of wood or water comes from and brings with it inspiration. Never shall I forget the hour when my whole soul was carried away from me by the cataract of Terni, and when all things existing were lost to me in its stupendous waters. The majestic woods that bowed their heads before it; the sun that was veiling his glory in mild, translucent clouds over the furthest course of the river; the moon, that suspended her orb in the very centre of it, seemed ministering Powers, themselves in undiminished admiration of the marvel they had been looking on through unnumbered ages. What are the works of man in comparison with this? What, indeed, are the other works of Nature?

CHAUCER.

---

Periodical critics were never so plentiful as they now are. There is hardly a young author who does not make his first attempt in some review; showing his teeth, hanging by his tail, pleased and pleasing by the vol-

ubility of his chatter, and doing his best to get a penny for his exhibitor and a nut for his own pouch, by the facetiousness of the tricks he performs upon our heads and shoulders.

LANDOR.

---

No, my lord judge; it may be a want, a weakness; but those who are subject to it are exempt from many others. Of what are they not capable in defence of their country, to whom she is so dear? We see our parents and children carried to the grave; we lose sight of them, and bear it manfully. On losing sight of our country our hearts melt away.

HENRY OF MELCTAL.

---

NEWTON.

Sir, you remind me of an observation made in my father's house by the son of a republican, and who, indeed, was little better than one himself. My father had upbraided him on his irreverence to the Lord's anointed: he asked my father why he

allowed his mind to be lime twiggged and ruffled and discomposed by words; and whether he would feel the same awe in repeating the syllables *God's greased*, as in repeating the syllables *God's anointed*. If the Esquimaux heard them, said he, they would think the man no better reared than themselves, and worse dressed, as dressed by one less in practice.

## BARROW.

No men are so facetious as those whose minds are somewhat perverted. Truth enjoys good air and clear light, but no playground.

---

There may be as much courage in hot climates as in cold. The inhabitants of Madagascar and Malacca are braver than the Laplanders, and perhaps not less brave than the Londoners. The fact is this: people in warm climates are in the full enjoyment of all the pleasures that animal life affords, and are disinclined to toil after that which no toil could produce or in-

crease: while the native of the north is condemned by climate to a life of labor, which oftentimes can procure for him but a scanty portion of what his vehement and exasperated appetite demands. Therefore, he cuts it short with his sword, and reaps the field sown by the southern.

NEWTON.

---

I have seen reason to change the greater part of my opinions. Let me confess to you, Quintus, we oftener say things because we can say them well, than because they are sound and reasonable.

CICERO.

---

Cruelty, if we consider it as a crime, is the greatest of all: if we consider it as a madness, we are equally justifiable in applying to it the readiest and the surest means of suppression. Bonds may hold the weak; the stronger break them, and strangle the administrator. Cruelty quite destroys our sympathies, and, doing so, supersedes and masters our intellects. It removes from us

those who can help us, and brings against us those who can injure us. Hence it opposes the great principle of our nature, self-preservation, and endangers not only our well-being, but our being. Reason is then the most perfect, when it enables us in the highest degree to benefit our fellow-men; reason is then the most deranged, when there is that over it which disables it. Cruelty is that.

ARISTOTELES.

---

His opinions on religion varied also considerably, until at last the vane almost wore out the socket, and it could turn no longer.

BISHOP PARKER.

---

As we Florentines are fond of omitting the first syllable in proper names, calling Luigi *Gigi*, Giovanni *Nanni*, Francesco *Cecco*, in like manner, at Rome, they say *Renzi* for *Lorenzi*, and by another corruption it has been pronounced and written *Rienzi*. Believe me, I should never have ventured to address the personage who held and sup-

ported the highest dignity on earth, until I had ascertained his appellation: for nobody ever quite forgave, unless in the low and ignorant, a wrong pronounciation of his name; the humblest being of opinion that they have one of their own, and one both worth having and worth knowing. Even dogs, they observe, are not miscalled.

PETRARCA.

---

External reverence should be paid unsparingly to the higher magistrates of every country who perform their offices exemplarily: yet they are not on this account to be placed in the same degree with men of primary genius. They never exalt the human race, and rarely benefit it; and their benefits are local and transitory, while those of a great writer are universal and eternal.

EPICURUS.

---

The sea and the barren rocks will remain forever as they are; whatever is love changes. Misrule and slavery may convert our fertile plains into pestilential marsh

and whoever shall exclaim against the authors and causes of such devastation may be proscribed, slain, or exiled. Enlightened and virtuous men (painfullest of thoughts!) may condemn him: for a love of security accompanies a love of study, and that, by degrees, is adulation which was acquiescence.

QUINCTUS CICERO.

---

When Pericles is too grave and silent, I usually take up my harp and sing to it; for music is often acceptable to the ear when it would avoid or repose from discourse. He tells me that it not only excites the imagination, but invigorates eloquence and refreshes memory; that playing on my harp to him is like besprinkling a tessellated pavement with odoriferous water, which brings out the images, cools the apartment, and gratifies the senses by its fragrance.

“That instrument,” said he, “is the rod of Hermes; it calls up the spirits from below, or conducts them back again to Elysium. With what ecstacy do I throb



and quiver under those refreshing showers of sound ! ”

Come sprinkle me soft music o'er the breast,  
Bring me the varied colors into light  
That now obscurely on its tablet rest,  
Show me its flowers and figures fresh and bright.

Waked at thy voice and touch, again the chords  
Restore what restless years had moved away,  
Restore the glowing cheeks, the tender words,  
Youth's short-lived spring, and Pleasure's summer day.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

---

Secrecy and mystery drive the uninitiated into suspicion and distrust; an honest man never will propose, and a prudent man never will comply with, the condition. What is equitable and proper lies wide open on the plain, and is accessible to all, without an entrance through labyrinth or defile.

ASPASIA TO ANAXAGORAS.

---

The nightingale sings for a shorter season than any other bird; his song continues

few weeks; and there is something in it like the happiness of man before the Fall; vivid and exuberant, but melancholy from its solitude, and from the shades that we perceive are closing on it.

DELILLE.

---

Her countenance, I doubt not, was expressive; but expression, although it gives beauty to men, makes women pay dearly for its stamp, and pay soon. Nature seems, in protection to their loveliness, to have ordered that they who are our superiors in quickness and sensibility, should be little disposed to laborious thought or to long excursions in the labyrinths of fancy.

SOUTHEY.

---

There is no more certain sign of a narrow mind, of stupidity, and of arrogance, than to stand aloof from those who think differently from ourselves. If they have weighed the matter in dispute as carefully, it is equitable to suppose that they have the same chance as we have of being in

tensively common, and to leave the least necessary for the last. I have always a suspicion of sonorous sentences. The full shell sounds little, but shows by that little what is within. A bladder swells out more with wind than with oil.

---

A bell warbles the more mellifluously in the air when the sound of the stroke is over, and when another swims out from underneath it, and pants upon the element that gave it birth. In like manner the recollection of a thing is frequently more pleasing than the actuality; what is harsh is dropped in the space between.

FILIPPO LIPPI.

---

I never journeyed so far through so enchanting a scenery as there is almost the whole of the way from Arezzo to Rome, particularly round Terni and Narni and Perugia.

Our master Virgil speaks of dreams that swarm upon the branches of one solitary

elm. In this country, more than dreams swarm upon every spray and leaf; and every murmur of wood or water comes from and brings with it inspiration. Never shall I forget the hour when my whole soul was carried away from me by the cataract of Terni, and when all things existing were lost to me in its stupendous waters. The majestic woods that bowed their heads before it; the sun that was veiling his glory in mild, translucent clouds over the furthest course of the river; the moon, that suspended her orb in the very centre of it, seemed ministering Powers, themselves in undiminished admiration of the marvel they had been looking on through unnumbered ages. What are the works of man in comparison with this? What, indeed, are the other works of Nature?

CHAUCER.

---

Periodical critics were never so plentiful as they now are. There is hardly a young author who does not make his first attempt in some review; showing his teeth, hanging by his tail, pleased and pleasing by the vol-

draws tears from me, would draw his sword against me, if I tried as a poet to draw any tears from him : so fixedly is jealousy the associate of poetry. And when a woman takes up the art, as some have done among us, I would whisper in her ear, if I dared, that there never was a Sappho who would not plunge overhead for a Phaon,

Drawing here, too, is widely different. If it raises any aspirations after Fame, they are solitary and sober, and after Fame in her calmest and most quiescent hour.

PENN.

Friend, we can do without both Fame and her aspirations, and what we *can* do without, we *should*, or we must forfeit the name of temperate men.

---

Nothing, I must confess, would be more ill-placed than a Drama or a Dialogue in the world below ; at least, if the Shades entered into captious disquisitions or frivolous pleasantries. But we believe that our affections

outlive us, and that Love is not a stranger in Elysium. Humors, the idioms of life, are lost in the transition, or are generalized in the concourse and convergency of innumerable races ; passions, the universal speech, are throughout intelligible.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

---

“Aspasia !” he replied, “he who loves not music is a beast of one species ; he who overloves it is the beast of another, whose brain is smaller than a nightingale’s, and his heart than a lizard’s. Record me one memorable saying, one witticism, one just remark, of any great musician, and I consent to undergo the punishment of Marsyas. Some among them are innocent and worthy men ; not many, nor the first. Dissipation, and, what is strange, selfishness, and disregard to punctuality in engagements, are common and nearly general in the more distinguished of them.

“O Music ! how it grieves me, that imprudence, intemperance, gluttony, should open their channels into thy sacred stream !”

Panenos said this ; let us never believe a word of it. He himself plays admirably, although no composer.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

---

There are certain eyes which, seeing objects at a distance, take snow for sunshine.

LANDOR.

---

The nightingale is a lively bird to the young and joyous, a melancholy one to the declining and pensive. He has notes for every ear ; he has feelings for every bosom ; and he exercises over gentle souls a wider and more welcome dominion than any other creature.

BOCCACCIO.

---

QUINCTUS CICERO.

Many, it is true, have spoken of him with hatred ; but among his haters are none who knew him. Which is remarkable, singular, wonderful ; for hatred seems as

natural to men as hunger is, and excited like hunger by the presence of its food ; and the more exquisite the food, the more excitable is the hunger.

MARCUS CICERO.

I do not remember to have met anywhere before with the thought you have just expressed. Certain it is, however, that men in general have a propensity to hatred, profitless as it is, and painful. We say proverbially, after Ennius or some other old poet, the descent to Avernus is easy ; not less easily are we carried down to the more pestiferous pool whereinto we would drag our superiors and submerge them. It is the destiny of the obscure to be despised ; it is the privilege of the illustrious to be hated. Whoever hates me, proves and feels himself to be less than I am.

---

I like very well to be told what to do by those who are fond of me ; but never to be told what not to do ; and the more fond they are of me, the less I like it.



Because, when they tell me what to do, they give me an opportunity of pleasing them; but when they tell me what not to do, it is a sign that I have displeased, or am likely to displease them.

ALCIBIADES.

---

In fact, all other love is extinguished by self-love; beneficence, humanity, justice, philosophy, sink under it.

EPICURUS.

---

Take care, then, Aspasia! do not leave off entirely all dissimulation. It is as feminine a virtue, and as necessary to a woman, as religion. If you are without it, you will have a grace the less, and (what you could worse spare) a sigh the more.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

---

Goodness does not more certainly make men happy than happiness makes them good. We must distinguish between fe-

licity and prosperity; for prosperity leads often to ambition, and ambition to disappointment: the course is then over; the wheel turns round but once; while the reaction of goodness and happiness is perpetual.

SIR P. SIDNEY.

---

Counsel me; direct me. Even were I as sensible as you are, I should not be able to discover my own faults. The clearest eyes do not see the cheeks below, nor the brow above, them.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

---

The monument of the greatest man should be only a bust and a name. If the name alone is insufficient to illustrate the bust, let them both perish.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

---

Serenity is no sign of security. A stream is never so smooth, equable, and silvery, as at the instant before it becomes

a cataract. The children of Niobe fell by the arrows of Diana, under a bright and cloudless sky.

MICHEL-ANGELO.

---

Old Cato ! he, like a wafer, must have been well wetted to be good for any thing.

PORSON.

---

There is, however, no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of our own youth, which we have been pampering with fond desires, ambitious hopes, and all the bright berries that hang in poisonous clusters over the path of life.

BOSSUET.

---

PETERBOROUGH.

My dear Penn, you are too speculative : too visionary for this world of matter and realities.

PENN.

Friend, that which thou callest matter is indeed such : but that which thou callest

reality is not. There is nothing so visionary as what the world esteems real; nothing so baseless, nothing so untrue.

---

As horses start aside from objects they see imperfectly, so do men. Enmities are excited by an indistinct view; they would be allayed by conference. Look at any long avenue of trees by which the traveller, on our principal highways, is protected from the sun. Those at the beginning are wide apart; but those at the end almost meet. Thus happens it frequently in opinions. Men, who were far asunder, come nearer and nearer in the course of life, if they have strength enough to quell, or good sense enough to temper and assuage, their earlier animosities.

CICERO.

---

Alcibiades is grown up to the highest beauty of adolescence. I think I should be enamoured of him were I a girl, and disen-

gaged. No, Cleone! the so easy mention of him proves to me that I never should be. He is petulant, arrogant, impetuous, and inconsistent. Pericles was always desirous that he should study oratory, in order that it might keep him at home, gratify his vanity the most perfectly and compendiously, and render him master of his own thoughts and those of others. He plainly told Pericles that he could learn little from him except dissimulation.

“Even that,” replied Pericles, “is useful and necessary: it proceeds from self-command. Simulation, on the contrary, is falsehood, and easily acquired by the meanest intellect. A powerful man often dissembles: he stands erect in the course of glory, with open brow but with breath suppress: the feebler mind is ready to take refuge in its poverty, under the sordid garb of whining simulation.”

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

---

If it is true that there can be no calumny without malice, it is equally so that there can be no malice without some desirable

quality to excite it. Make up your mind, Aspasia, to pay the double rate of rank and genius. It is much to be the wife of Pericles; it is more to be Aspasia. Names that lie upon the ground are not easily set on fire by the torch of Envy, but those quickly catch it which are raised up by fame, or wave to the breeze of prosperity. Every one that passes is ready to give them a shake and a rip; for there are few either so busy or so idle as not to lend a hand at undoing.

ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

---

Moroseness is the evening of turbulence.

PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

---

No ashes are lighter than those of incense, and few things burn out sooner.

LANDOR.

---

Fancy is imagination in her youth and adolescence. Fancy is always excursive; imagination, not seldom, is sedate. It is

the business of imagination, in her maturity, to create and animate such beings as are worthy of her plastic hand; certainly not by invisible wires to put marionettes in motion, nor to pin butterflies on blotting-paper.

LANDOR.

---

In youth, the appetite for fame is strongest. It is cruel and inhuman to withhold the sustenance which is necessary to the growth, if not the existence, of genius: sympathy, encouragement, commendation.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

---

Easiness of disposition conciliates bad and good alike; it draws affections to it, and relaxes enmities: but that same easiness renders us too often negligent of our graver duties.

ADM. BLAKE.

---

Wise or unwise, who doubts for a moment that contentment is the cause of happiness? Yet the inverse is true: we are

contented because we are happy, and not happy because we are contented. Well regulated minds may be satisfied with a small portion of happiness; none can be happy with a small portion of content. In fact, hardly any thing which we receive for truth is really and entirely so, let it appear as plain as it may, and let its appeal be not only to the understanding, but to the senses; for our words do not follow them exactly; and it is by words we receive truth and express it.

LORD BROOKE.

---

There is nothing on earth divine beside humanity.

MELANCTHON.

---

Vigilant quiescency is uncostly wisdom.

NESSELRODE.

---

Be assured that, although men of eminent genius have been guilty of all other vices, none worthy of more than a secondary name



has ever been a gamester. Either an excess of avarice, or a deficiency of what, in physics, is called excitability, is the cause of it; neither of which can exist in the same bosom with genius, with patriotism, or with virtue.

WASHINGTON.

---

Yes, Tiziano! Age never droops into decrepitude while Fancy stands at his side. To how many have you given an existence for centuries! For centuries, did I say? I should have said forever.

CORNARO.

---

Whoever is an imitator by nature, choice, or necessity, has nothing stable: the flexibility which affords this aptitude is inconsistent with strength.

LANDOR.

---

Feelings are more easily communicated among us than manners. Every one disdains to imitate another: a grace is a pecu-

liarity. Yet in a ride no longer than what we have been taking, how many objects excite our interest! By how many old mansion-houses should we have passed, within which there are lodged those virtues that constitute the power, stability, and dignity of a people. We never see a flight of rooks or wood-pigeons without the certainty that in a few minutes they will alight on some grove where a brave man has been at his walk or a wise man at his meditations. North America may one day be very rich and powerful; she cannot be otherwise; but she never will gratify the imagination as Europe does. Her history will interest her inhabitants; but there never will be another page in it so interesting as that which you yourself have left open for unadorned and simple narrative.

LORD PETERBOROUGH, spoken to *Penn.*

---

Men are little better than a row of pins if you stick them close together; but, if you set one upright on a gate-post, the folks below stare, scratch their heads, and cry

"The squire!" or "His honor!" Set another in cap and plumes on the upper step of a portico, and he suddenly hears from beneath him an appellation which you know is men refuse to any one but God. The stars themselves are not bright by any lightness of their own. Probably they are merely dull masses, like what our horses are reading on; but, from that light vapor which surrounds them, and from that vast distance at which men see them, they derive and diffuse their splendor.

LORD PETERBOROUGH.

---

Serious thoughts are folded up, chested, and unlooked-at: lighter, like dust, settle all about the chamber. The promise to think seriously dismisses and closes the door on the thought.

JEANNE D'ARC.

---

Flattery will come before you in other and more dangerous forms: you will be commended for excellences which do not

MISCELLANEOUS.

belong to you: and this you will find at  
injurious to your repose as to your virt<sup>ts</sup>  
An ingenuous mind feels in unmer<sup>old</sup>  
praise the bitterest reproof. If you r<sup>ss</sup> t  
it you are unhappy, if you accept it y<sup>ti</sup> e  
undone.

BOSSUE.

---

In honest truth, a name given to a man  
is no better than a skin given to him; what  
is not natively his own falls off and comes  
to nothing.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

---

I esteem all the wise; but I entertain no  
wish to imitate all of them in every thing.  
What was convenient and befitting in one  
or other of them, might be inconvenient  
and unbefitting in me. Great names ought  
to bear us up and carry us through, but  
never to run away with us. Peculiarity  
and solitariness give an idea to weak minds  
of something grand, authoritative, and god-  
like. To be wise indeed, and happy, and  
self-possessed, we must often be alone: we

must mix as little as we can with what is called society, and abstain rather more than seems desirable even from the better few.

EPICURUS.

---

The principal gods of antiquity had each his favorite tree; and some nations, too, the English, for example, theirs, the oak. The Spaniard has rather the qualities of the cedar: patient of cold and heat, nourished on little, lofty and dark, unbending and incorruptible.

ALPUENTE.

---

There is nothing in the ruins of Rome which throws so chilling a shadow over the heart as the monument of Keats.

LANDOR.

---

How near together, Mr. Hardcastle, are things which appear to us the most remote and opposite! how near is death to life, and vanity to glory! How deceived are we, if our expressions are any proofs of it, in what

we might deem the very matters most subject to our senses! the haze above our heads we call the heavens, and the thinnest of the air the firmament.

BISHOP BURNET.

---

It is something to have an influence on the fortunes of mankind: it is greatly more to have an influence on their intellects. Such is the difference between men of office and men of genius, between computed and uncomputed rank.

LORD PETERBOROUGH.

---

In one part of his admonition he said,  
“Young gentlemen! let not the highest of you who hear me this evening be led into the delusion, for such it is, that the founder of his family was *originally* a greater or a better man than the lowest here. He willed it, and became it. He must have stood low; he must have worked hard; and with tools, moreover, of his own invention and fashioning. He waved and whistled off ten thousand strong and im-

portunate temptations; he dashed the dice-box from the jewelled hand of Chance, the cup from Pleasure's, and trod under foot the sorceries of each; he ascended steadily the precipices of Danger, and looked down with intrepidity from the summit; he overawed Arrogance with Sedateness; he seized by the horn and overleaped low Violence; and he fairly swung Fortune round.

SHAKSPEARE.

---

As the mightier streams of the unexplored world, America, run languidly in the night, and await the sun on high to contend with him in strength and grandeur, so doth genius halt and pause in the thralldom of outspread darkness, and move onward with all his vigor, then only, when creative light and jubilant warmth surround him.

SHAKSPEARE.

---

The Arts cannot long exist without the advent of Freedom. From every new excavation whence a statue rises, there rises simultaneously a bright vision of the age

that produced it; a strong desire to bring it back again; a throbbing love, an inflaming regret, a resolute despair, beautiful as Hope herself; and Hope comes, too, behind.

Men are not our fellow-creatures because hands and articulate voices belong to them in common with us; they are then, and then only, when they precede us, or accompany us, or follow us, contemplating one grand luminary, periodically obscured, but eternally existent in the highest heaven of the soul, without which all lesser lights would lose their brightness, their station, their existence.

MICHEL-ANGELO.

---

To discover a truth and to separate it from a falsehood is surely an occupation worthy of the best intellect, and not at all unworthy of the best heart.

LANDOR.

---

Is there any station so happy as an uncontested place in a small community, where manners are simple, where wants are



few. where respect is the tribute of probity.  
and love is the guerdon of beneficence.

ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

---

Joining in the amusements of others is  
in our social state, the next thing to sympathy  
in their distresses: and even the slender-  
est bond that holds society together should  
rather be strengthened than snapt.

LORD PETERBOROUGH.

---

Wrong is but falsehood put in practice.

PENK.

---

The great man is he who hath nothing to  
fear and nothing to hope from another. It  
is he who, while he demonstrates the in-  
iquity of the laws, and is able to correct  
them, obeys them peaceably. It is he who  
looks on the ambitious both as weak and  
fraudulent. It is he who hath no disposi-  
tion or occasion for any kind of deceit, no

reason for being or for appearing different from what he is. It is he who can call together the most select company when it pleases him.

DIOGENES.

---

The tender heart is often moulded by localities. Perhaps the purity and singleness of Petrarca's, his communion with it on one only altar, his exclusion of all images but one, result from this early visit to the gushing springs, the eddying torrents, the insurmountable rocks, the profound and inviolate solitudes of Vaocluse.

LANDOR.

---

TERNISSA.

Oh, what a pleasant thing it is to walk in the green light of the vine-leaves, and to breathe the sweet odor of their invisible flowers!

EPICURUS.

The scent of them is so delicate that it requires a sigh to inhale it; and this, being accompanied and followed by enjoyment,

renders the fragrance so exquisite. Ternissa, it is this, my sweet friend, that made you remember the green light of the foliage, and think of the invisible flowers as you would of some blessing from heaven.

---

AGNES.

Life is but sighs, and when they cease,  
'tis over.

JEANNE.

Now deign to answer me: do you truly  
love him ?

AGNES.

From my soul ; and above it.

JEANNE.

Then save him.

Lady ! I am grieved at your sorrow, although it will hereafter be a source of joy unto you. The purest water runs from the hardest rock. Neither worth nor wisdom come without an effort ; and patience, and piety, and salutary knowledge, spring up and ripen from under the harrow of affliction. Before there is wine or there is

oil, the grape must be trodden and the olive must be pressed.

---

Merit has rarely risen of itself, but a pebble or a twig is often quite sufficient for it to spring from to the highest ascent. There is usually some baseness before there is any elevation.

LANDOR.

---

The worst ingratitude lies not in the ossified heart of him who commits it; but we find it in the effect it produces on him against whom it was committed. As water containing stony particles incrusts with them the ferns and mosses it drops on, so the human breast hardens under ingratitude, in proportion to its openness, its softness, and its aptitude to receive impressions.

•



## INDEX.

- Addison, 85.  
 Admiration, general not desirable, 193.  
 Affectation, 214.  
 Affections, domestic not flourishing in politics, 22.  
 Afflictions, need of, 300.  
 Age, 164.  
 Alcibiades, 249, 285.  
 Ambition and austerity, 276.  
 Ambition, evils produced by, 38.  
 America, greatness of, 28, compared with England, 33.  
 Amusements of others to be shared, 298.  
 Anxieties, how calmed, 187.  
 Arabia, 146.  
 Architecture, effect of, 261.  
 Argumentation not good for youth, 211.  
 Ariosto, 97.  
 Aristocracy, 11.  
 Aristoteles, 63, 89.  
 Associations with places, 291.  
 Atheism, worst form of, 240.  
 Athens and Sparta, 8.  
 Bacon and Cicero, 44.  
 Bacon and Plato, 102.  
 Bacon and Shakspeare, 75.  
 Bacon's character, 251.  
 Bacon's essays, 44, his merits as a writer, 45.  
 Barbarism, worst kind of, 5.  
 Beautiful rarely love, 165.  
 Beautiful words, 165.  
 Beauty, moral, 232.  
 Belief, effects of, 207.  
 Bells, music of, 266.  
 Biography, 82.  
 Blair's grave, 118.  
 Boccaccio, 57.  
 Burial service, 246.  
 Burns, 49.  
 Calamities common to all, 243.  
 Calamity, teachings of, 33.  
 Cato, 284.  
 Changes from good to bad, 272.  
 Changes inevitable, 245.  
 Character, to be kindly judged, 217.  
 Chaucer, 68.  
 Children, 168, 183, 225.  
 Childhood, 157.  
 Christianity lies in action, 235.  
 Cicero and Bacon, 44.  
 Cities strong when free, 19.  
 Clearness of style, 119.  
 Climates, warm, 269.  
 Comedy, 206.  
 Compassion better than cruelty, 18.  
 Conquering people worse off than conquered, 7.  
 Contentment, 288.

must mix as little as we can with what is called society, and abstain rather more than seems desirable even from the better few.

EPICURUS.

---

The principal gods of antiquity had each his favorite tree; and some nations, too, the English, for example, theirs, the oak. The Spaniard has rather the qualities of the cedar: patient of cold and heat, nourished on little, lofty and dark, unbending and incorruptible.

ALPUENTE.

---

There is nothing in the ruins of Rome which throws so chilling a shadow over the heart as the monument of Keats.

LANDOR.

---

How near together, Mr. Hardcastle, are things which appear to us the most remote and opposite! how near is death to life, and vanity to glory! How deceived are we, if our expressions are any proofs of it, in what

we might deem the very matters most subject to our senses! the haze above our heads we call the heavens, and the thinnest of the air the firmament.

BISHOP BURNET.

---

It is something to have an influence on the fortunes of mankind: it is greatly more to have an influence on their intellects. Such is the difference between men of office and men of genius, between computed and uncomputed rank.

LORD PETERBOROUGH.

---

In one part of his admonition he said,  
“Young gentlemen! let not the highest of you who hear me this evening be led into the delusion, for such it is, that the founder of his family was *originally* a greater or a better man than the lowest here. He willed it, and became it. He must have stood low; he must have worked hard; and with tools, moreover, of his own invention and fashioning. He waved and whistled off ten thousand strong and im-



- Life, periods of, 276.  
 Life, value of, 196, 256.  
 Love, 130, 138, 139, 142, 153, 155, 159, 169.  
 Love of country, 268.  
 Love poetry, 139.  
 Love, wedded, 140, 158.  
 Love compared to the ocean, 184.  
 Lovely images not easily recalled, 170.  
 Luxury, how far mischievous, 35.  
 Magistrates to be honored, 272.  
 Malice, 236.  
 Malice kindled by greatness, 286.  
 Marius, 206.  
 Marriage, 148, 150.  
 Marriages, unhappy, 150.  
 Men and women, difference between, 250.  
 Men compared to deciduous plants, 194.  
 Merit, 301.  
 Merit exaggerated, 196.  
 Metaphors, 67.  
 Metaphysics in poetry, 60.  
 Milton, greatness of, 51, 54, 66, 76, 100, 106; harmony of his verse, 52; his fame, 55; his prose, 91; his Latin poetry, 111.  
 Mind, wealth of, 233.  
 Misfortunes, 232.  
 Misnomers in religion, 204.  
 Mistakes at the beginning of life, 205.  
 Modesty, charm of, 218.  
 Monuments of great men, 283.  
 Moroseness, 287.  
 Music, 105, 273, 279.  
 Mystery, 274.  
 Names, 293.  
 Names not to be pronounced wrong, 271.  
 Nations may be commercial and agricultural, 33; childhood of, interesting, 37.  
 Nightingale, 274, 280.  
 Novelties in politics dangerous, 4.  
 Obscurity often overvalued, 44, 79; a defect in style, 52.  
 Occupation important to the people, 16.  
 Olive-trees described, 224.  
 Opinions, change of, 271.  
 Opinions, difference of, 74, 156, 275.  
 Orators, effrontery of, 260.  
 Orators should be plain, 86.  
 Ovid, 112.  
 Painting, poetry, and sculpture, 255.  
 Paradise Lost, 107, 109.  
 Pericles, manners of, 248.  
 Pericles, death of his sons, 185.  
 Pericles, events in life of, 176.  
 Pescara, 153.  
 Petrarca, 56.  
 Petrarca, dream of, 131.  
 Petrarca, effect of Vacluse on, 299.  
 Philosophical intercourse, 207.  
 Philosophy and poetry contrasted with public life, 70.  
 Philosophy and power, 219.  
 Philosophy, too much not good, 183.  
 Philosophy not to be talked of, 206.

- Plainness of style, 90.  
 Plato, 98, 102.  
 Pleasures, calm, 179.  
 Pleasures, low, to be avoided, 186.  
 Poet, endowments of, 58; who is the great, 115.  
 Poetical mind and heart, 114.  
 Poetry must be succinct, 60; what is the best, 61, 74, 84; must be moderate, 80.  
 Poetry, writing of beneficial to the mind, 46.  
 Poetry, schools of, 199.  
 Poets entitled to gratitude, 62; power of, 67.  
 Politeness, 194, 249.  
 Political institutions and Christianity, 6.  
 Political power jealous of intellect, 264.  
 Politicians, 17; in free countries, imperfect, 18; philosophy of, 20.  
 Politics, moral dangers of, 24.  
 Portrait painting, 228.  
 Poverty, 209.  
 Power, 14; effect of, 15; not happiness, 19.  
 Power, love of, 218, 254.  
 Power, usurped, 13.  
 Preference, pleasure of, 184.  
 Prejudices of the vulgar, 208.  
 Pride and delicacy, 201.  
 Principles, slower than passions, 34.  
 Prometheus, 64.  
 Pronunciation, 215.  
 Prose writers, florid not poets, 98, 103.  
 Public judgment not to be followed, 235.  
 Punishments should be public, 30.  
 Quickness, mental, of little value, 222.  
 Quiescency, 289.  
 Quoting, habit of, 80.  
 Raphael, 263.  
 Reflection and passion, 231.  
 Regrets of affection, 172.  
 Religion, forced, 230.  
 Remembrance of happy days, 173.  
 Republicanism, 11.  
 Republics, rich not lasting, 26.  
 Revenge, 237.  
 Revolution, French, 9, 28.  
 Ridicule and truth, 201.  
 Rochefoucault, his maxims, 50, 72.  
 Rome, republican, 19; imperial, 20.  
 Rousseau, 105.  
 Salutation, forms of, expressive of character, 247.  
 Satire, 112.  
 Sea breezes, 203.  
 Sea tranquillizing, 222.  
 Secrets of science to be confined to few, 263.  
 Self-interest, 73.  
 Selfishness removed by love, 171.  
 Self-love, 282.  
 Separation, 174.  
 Serenity and security, 283.  
 Shakspeare, 66, 75, 110.  
 Sighs, 153.  
 Simplicity, 211.  
 Simulation, 286.  
 Slavery, 209, 234.  
 Smiles and tears, 234.  
 Snow and sunshine, 280.  
 Solitude, 293.  
 Sophists bad teachers, 210.

- Sorrow, 167, 181.  
 Spaniards compared to the cedar, 294.  
 Speaking, rules of, 213.  
 Speculative minds, 219.  
 Spenser, 78.  
 Spenser's happiness at Mulla, 174.  
 Spleen, 162, 163.  
 Statues, where to be placed, 230.  
 Studious men restless, 201.  
 Study, 211.  
 Sunset, 199.  
 Suppression of kindness, 241.  
 Talkative men, 258.  
 Taste not common, 92, 120.  
 Taylor, 103.  
 Terni, cataract of, 267.  
 Thoughts, how to be directed, 212.  
 Thoughts, serious, 292.  
 Time, shortness of, 227.  
 Titian, 262, 290.  
 Titles, 291.  
 Toleration essential to Christianity, 22.  
 Tragedy and comedy, 76.  
 Trees, 21, 144, 236, 246.  
 Truth, 102, 221, 223, 225, 238, 297.  
 Truth in large quantities, 258.  
 Truth, where found, 221.  
 Truths, why not seen, 265.  
 Tyranny and tyrants, 215.  
 Unbelief, worst kind of, 234.  
 Vanity, 236.  
 Vine-flowers, odor of, 299.  
 Virtue and power, 193.  
 Visionary objects, 284.  
 Voltaire, 97.  
 Votes not to be solicited, 39.  
 Voyages, effect of, 173.  
 Vulgarisms, 96.  
 Wars, effect of on riches, 7 ; not ruinous, 26 ; unnecessary evils of, 31.  
 Wealth and poverty, 26.  
 Wisdom, 240, 244.  
 Wisdom does not lead to happiness, 230.  
 Wise men, how imitated, 293.  
 Wit and humor connected with gravity, 113.  
 Wit, inexact, 51.  
 Woman, injustice to, 149.  
 Women claim expression, 129.  
 Words, simple the best, 88 ; power of, 96.  
 Wordsworth, 82.  
 Writers, inequalities of good, 47, 85 ; good not long neglected, 83.  
 Writings, controversial, 99.  
 Wrong and falsehood, 298.  
 Young, 117.  
 Youth, 255.









BOSTON, 135 WASHINGTON STREET,  
NOVEMBER, 1855.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS  
PUBLISHED BY  
**TICKNOR AND FIELDS.**

—◆—  
**CHARLES READE.**

PEG WOFFINGTON. A NOVEL. Price 75 cents.  
CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE. A NOVEL. Price 75 cents.  
CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE. A NOVEL. Price 75 cents.  
SUSAN MERTON. A NOVEL. (Nearly ready.)

**WILLIAM HOWITT.**

LAND, LABOR AND GOLD. 2 vols. Price \$2.00.  
A BOY'S ADVENTURES IN AUSTRALIA. Price 75 cents.

**THOMAS DE QUINCEY'S WRITINGS.**

CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER, AND  
SUSPIRIA DE PROFUNDIS. With Portrait. Price 75 cents.  
BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAYS. Price 75 cents.  
MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS. Price 75 cents.  
THE CÆSARS. Price 75 cents.  
LITERARY REMINISCENCES. 2 vols. Price \$1.50.  
NARRATIVE AND MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS. 2 vols.  
Price \$1.50.  
ESSAYS ON THE POETS, &c. 1 vol. 16mo. 75 cents.  
HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL ESSAYS. 2 vols. \$1.50.  
AUTOBIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES. 1 vol. Price 75 cents.  
ESSAYS ON PHILOSOPHICAL WRITERS, &c. 2 vols.  
16mo. \$1.50.  
LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN, AND OTHER PAPERS  
1 vol. Price 75 cents.  
THEOLOGICAL ESSAYS AND OTHER PAPERS.  
Vols. Price \$1.50.  
THE NOTE BOOK. 1 Vol. Price 75 cents.



**HENRY W. LONGFELLOW'S WRITINGS.**

**THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.** Price \$1.00.

**THE GOLDEN LEGEND.** A Poem. Price \$1.00.

**POETICAL WORKS.** This edition contains the six Volumes mentioned below. In two volumes. 16mo. Boards. \$2.00.

In Separate Volumes, each 75 cents.

**VOICES OF THE NIGHT.**

**BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS.**

**SPANISH STUDENT; A PLAY IN THREE ACTS.**

**BELFRY OF BRUGES, AND OTHER POEMS.**

**EVANGELINE; A TALE OF ACADIE.**

**THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE.**

**THE WAIF.** A Collection of Poems. Edited by Longfellow.

**THE ESTRAY.** A Collection of Poems. Edited by Longfellow.

**MR. LONGFELLOW'S PROSE WORKS.**

**HYPERION.** A ROMANCE. Price \$1.00.

**OUTRE-MER.** A PILGRIMAGE. Price \$1.00.

**KAVANAGH.** A TALE. Price 75 cents.

Illustrated editions of **EVANGELINE**, **POEMS**, **HYPERION**, and  
**THE GOLDEN LEGEND.**

**ALFRED TENNYSON'S WRITINGS.**

**POETICAL WORKS.** With Portrait. 2 vols. Cloth. \$1.50.

**THE PRINCESS.** Cloth. Price 50 cents.

**IN MEMORIAM.** Cloth. Price 75 cents.

**MAUD, AND OTHER POEMS.** Cloth. Price 50 cents.

**OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES'S WRITINGS.**

**POETICAL WORKS.** With fine Portrait. Boards. \$1.00.

**ASTRÆA.** Fancy paper. Price 25 cents.

**NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S WRITINGS.**

**TWICE-TOLD TALES.** Two volumes. Price \$1.50.

**THE SCARLET LETTER.** Price 75 cents.

**THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES.** Price \$1.00.

**THE SNOW IMAGE, AND OTHER TWICE-TOLD TALES,** Price 75 cents.

**THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE.** Price 75 cents.

**MOSSSES FROM AN OLD MANSE.** New Edition. 2 vols.  
Price \$1.50.

**TRUE STORIES FROM HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.**  
With four fine Engravings. Price 75 cents.

**A WONDER-BOOK FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.** With seven  
fine Engravings. Price 75 cents.

**TANGLEWOOD TALES.** Another 'Wonder-Book.' With  
Engravings. Price 88 cents.

**BARRY CORNWALL'S WRITINGS.**

**ENGLISH SONGS AND OTHER SMALL POEMS.** En-  
larged Edition. Price \$1.00.

**ESSAYS AND TALES IN PROSE.** 2 vols. Price \$1.50.

**JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S WRITINGS.**

**COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS.** Revised, with Additions.  
In two volumes, 16mo. Cloth. Price \$1.50.

**SIR LAUNFAL.** New Edition. Price 25 cents.

**A FABLE FOR CRITICS.** New Edition. Price 50 cents.

**THE BIGLOW PAPERS.** A New Edition. Price 68 cents.

**CHARLES KINGSLEY.**

AMYAS LEIGH. A Novel. Price \$1.25.

GLAUCUS ; OR, THE WONDERS OF THE SHORE. 50 cents.

POETICAL WORKS. (In Press.)

A CHRISTMAS BOOK. (In Press.)

**CHARLES SUMNER.**

ORATIONS AND SPEECHES. 2 vols. \$2.50.

A NEW VOLUME. (In Press.)

**JOHN G. WHITTIER'S WRITINGS.**

OLD PORTRAITS AND MODERN SKETCHES. 75 cents.

MARGARET SMITH'S JOURNAL. Price 75 cents.

SONGS OF LABOR, AND OTHER POEMS. Boards. 50 cts.

THE CHAPEL OF THE HERMITS. Cloth. 50 cents.

LITERARY RECREATIONS AND MISCELLANIES.  
Cloth. \$1.00.

**EDWIN P. WHIPPLE'S WRITINGS.**

ESSAYS AND REVIEWS. 2 vols. Price \$2.00.

LECTURES ON SUBJECTS CONNECTED WITH LIT-  
ERATURE AND LIFE. Price 63 cents.

WASHINGTON AND THE REVOLUTION. Price 20 cts.

**GEORGE S. HILLARD'S WRITINGS.**

SIX MONTHS IN ITALY. 1 vol. 16mo. Price \$1.50.

DANGERS AND DUTIES OF THE MERCANTILE  
PROFESSION. Price 25 cents.

WISDOM AND GENIUS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

**HENRY GILES'S WRITINGS.**

LECTURES, ESSAYS, AND MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS. 2 vols. Price \$1.50.

DISCOURSES ON LIFE. Price 75 cents.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF GENIUS. Cloth. \$1.00.

**BAYARD TAYLOR'S WRITINGS.**

POEMS OF HOME AND TRAVEL. Cloth. Price 75 cts.

POEMS OF THE ORIENT. Cloth. 75 cents.

**WILLIAM MOTHERWELL'S WRITINGS.**

POEMS, NARRATIVE AND LYRICAL. New Ed. \$1.25.

POSTHUMOUS POEMS. Boards. Price 50 cents.

MINSTRELSY, ANC. AND MOD. 2 Vols. Boards. \$1.50.

**ROBERT BROWNING.**

POETICAL WORKS. 2 vols. \$2.00.

MEN AND WOMEN. 1 vol. Price \$1.00.

**CAPT. MAYNE REID'S JUVENILE BOOKS.**

THE DESERT HOME, OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A LOST FAMILY IN THE WILDERNESS. With fine Plates, \$1.00

THE BOY HUNTERS. With fine Plates. Just published.  
Price 75 cents.

THE YOUNG VOYAGEURS, OR, THE BOY HUNTERS IN THE NORTH. With Plates. Price 75 cents.

THE FOREST EXILES. With fine Plates. 75 cents.

**GERMANY WRITINGS.**

**WILHELM MEISSNER.** Translated by Thomas Conway.  
17mo. Paper.

**WILHELM'S FAUST.** Translated by Hermann. Price 25 cts.

**E. A. STODOLSKY'S WRITINGS.**

**PIERRE.** Cloth. Price 15 cents.

**ADVENTURES IN FINE LAND.** Price 25 cents.

**REV. CHARLES LOVELL, D. D.**

**PIETICAL SERMONS.** 1 vol. 12mo. 62 1/2.

**SOCIAL SERMONS.** With five Pictures. 62 1/2.

**GEORGE LUNT.**

**LIFE POEMS.** 12mo. Cloth. 45 cents.

**JULIA.** A Poem. 54 cents.

**PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.**

**THE MYSTIC AND OTHER POEMS.** 50 cents.

**THE ANGEL WORLD, &c.** 50 cents.

**ANNA MARY HOWITT.**

**AN ART STUDENT IN MUNICH.** Price \$1.25.

**SOL OF LIFE.** A Story. Price 75 cents.

**MARY RUSSELL MITFORD'S WRITINGS.**

OUR VILLAGE. Illustrated. 2 Vols. 16mo. Price \$2.50.  
ATHERTON, AND OTHER STORIES. 1 Vol. 16mo. \$1.25.

**MRS. CROSLAND'S WRITINGS.**

LYDIA: A WOMAN'S BOOK. Cloth. Price 75 cents.  
ENGLISH TALES AND SKETCHES. Cloth. \$1.00  
MEMORABLE WOMEN. Illustrated. \$1.00.

**GRACE GREENWOOD'S WRITINGS.**

GREENWOOD LEAVES. 1st & 2d Series. \$1.25 each.  
POETICAL WORKS. With fine Portrait. Price 75 cents.  
HISTORY OF MY PETS. With six fine Engravings.  
Scarlet cloth. Price 50 cents.  
RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD. With six fine  
Engravings. Scarlet cloth. Price 50 cents.  
HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A TOUR IN EUROPE.  
Price \$1.25.  
MERRIE ENGLAND. A new Juvenile. Price 75 cents.  
THE FOREST SISTERS. (In Press.)  
A NEW JUVENILE. (In Press.)

**MRS. MOWATT.**

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ACTRESS. Price \$1.25.  
PLAYS. ARMAND AND FASHION. Price 50 cents.  
MIMIC LIFE. 1 vol. Price 1.25.

**A LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED**

---

**GOETHE'S WRITINGS.**

**WILHELM MEISTER.** Translated by THOMAS CARLYLE.  
2 Vols. Price \$2.50.

**GOETHE'S FAUST.** Translated by HAYWARD. Price 75 cts.

**R. H. STODDARD'S WRITINGS.**

**POEMS.** Cloth. Price 63 cents.

**ADVENTURES IN FAIRY LAND.** Price 75 cents.

**REV. CHARLES LOWELL, D. D.**

**PRACTICAL SERMONS.** 1 vol. 12mo. \$1.25.

**OCCASIONAL SERMONS.** With fine Portrait. \$1.25.

**GEORGE LUNT.**

**LYRIC POEMS, &c.** Cloth. 63 cents.

**JULIA.** A Poem. 50 cents.

**PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.**

**THE MYSTIC AND OTHER POEMS.** 50 cents.

**THE ANGEL WORLD, &c.** 50 cents.

**ANNA MARY HOWITT.**

**AN ART STUDENT IN MUNICH.** Price \$1.25.

**A SCHOOL OF LIFE.** A Story. Price 75 cents.

**MARY RUSSELL MITFORD'S WRITINGS.**

OUR VILLAGE. Illustrated. 2 Vols. 16mo. Price \$2.50.  
ATHERTON, AND OTHER STORIES. 1 Vol. 16mo. \$1.25.

**MRS. CROSLAND'S WRITINGS.**

LYDIA: A WOMAN'S BOOK. Cloth. Price 75 cents.  
ENGLISH TALES AND SKETCHES. Cloth. \$1.00  
MEMORABLE WOMEN. Illustrated. \$1.00.

**GRACE GREENWOOD'S WRITINGS.**

GREENWOOD LEAVES. 1st & 2d Series. \$1.25 each.  
POETICAL WORKS. With fine Portrait. Price 75 cents.  
HISTORY OF MY PETS. With six fine Engravings.  
Scarlet cloth. Price 50 cents.  
RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD. With six fine  
Engravings. Scarlet cloth. Price 50 cents.  
HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A TOUR IN EUROPE.  
Price \$1.25.  
MERRIE ENGLAND. A new Juvenile. Price 75 cents.  
THE FOREST SISTERS. (In Press.)  
A NEW JUVENILE. (In Press.)

**MRS. MOWATT.**

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ACTRESS. Price \$1.25.  
PLAYS. ARMAND AND FASHION. Price 50 cents.  
MIMIC LIFE. 1 vol. Price 1.25.



**ALICE CARY.**

POEMS. 1 vol. 16mo. \$1.00.

CLOVERNOOK CHILDREN. With Plates. 75 cents.

**MRS. TAPPAN.**

RAINBOWS FOR CHILDREN. Illustrated. 75 cents.

THE MAGICIAN'S SHOW BOX. Illustrated. 75 cents.

**MRS. ELIZA LEE.**

MEMOIR OF THE BUCKMINSTERS. \$1.25.

FLORENCE, THE PARISH ORPHAN. 50 cents.

**MRS. JUDSON'S WRITINGS.**

ALDERBROOK. By FANNY FORESTER. 2 Vols. Price \$1.75.

THE KATHAYAN SLAVE, AND OTHER PAPERS.  
1 vol. Price 63 cents.

MY TWO SISTERS: A SKETCH FROM MEMORY. Price 50 cts.

**POETRY.**

ALEXANDER SMITH'S POEMS. 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth.  
Price 50 cents.

CHARLES MACKAY'S POEMS. 1 Vol. Cloth. Price \$1.00.

HENRY ALFORD'S POEMS. Just out. Price \$1.25.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES. POEMS OF MANY YEARS.  
Boards. Price 75 cents.

BY TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

---

CHARLES SPRAGUE. POETICAL AND PROSE WRITINGS. With fine Portrait. Boards. Price 75 cents.

GERMAN LYRICS. Translated by CHARLES T. BROOKS. 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth. Price \$1.00.

THOMAS W. PARSONS. POEMS. Price \$1.00.

LYTERIA: A DRAMATIC POEM. By J. P. QUINCY. Price 50 cents.

JOHN G. SAXE. POEMS. With Portrait. Boards, 63 cents. Cloth, 75 cents.

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. POEMS. Cloth. Price 75 cents.

BOWRING'S MATINS AND VESPERS. Price 50 cents.

YRIARTE'S FABLES. Translated by G. H. DEVEREUX. Price 63 cents.

MEMORY AND HOPE. A BOOK OF POEMS REFERRING TO CHILDHOOD. Cloth. Price \$2.00.

THALATTA: A BOOK FOR THE SEA-SIDE. 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth. Price 75 cents.

PASSION-FLOWERS. By Mrs. HOWE. Price 75 cents.

PHOEBE CARY. POEMS AND PARODIES. 75 cents.

MISCELLANEOUS.

G. H. LEWES. THE LIFE AND WORKS OF GOETHE. 2 vols. 16mo.

OAKFIELD. A Novel. By LIEUT. ARNOLD. Price \$1.00.

ESSAYS ON THE FORMATION OF OPINIONS AND THE PURSUIT OF TRUTH. 1 vol. 16mo. Price \$1.00.

WALDEN: OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS. By HENRY D. THOREAU. 1 vol. 16mo. Price \$1.00.

the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are employed in the public sector has increased by 1.5 million, from 2.5 million in 1980 to 4 million in 1995. The public sector has also become an important employer of women, with 5.5 million women employed in the public sector in 1995, compared with 4.5 million in 1980.

There are a number of reasons why the public sector has become an important employer of women. One reason is that the public sector has a high proportion of women in its workforce. In 1995, 85% of the public sector workforce were women, compared with 75% in 1980. This is due to a number of factors, including the fact that the public sector has a high proportion of jobs that are traditionally held by women, such as teaching, nursing, and social work.

Another reason why the public sector has become an important employer of women is that it has a high proportion of jobs that are full-time. In 1995, 65% of the public sector workforce were employed full-time, compared with 55% in 1980. This is due to a number of factors, including the fact that the public sector has a high proportion of jobs that are essential to the functioning of the state, such as the police, the fire service, and the health service.

A third reason why the public sector has become an important employer of women is that it has a high proportion of jobs that are well-paid. In 1995, the average salary of a public sector employee was £18,000, compared with £15,000 in 1980. This is due to a number of factors, including the fact that the public sector has a high proportion of jobs that are in the higher grades of the public sector pay scale, such as the senior civil service and the senior judiciary.

There are a number of other reasons why the public sector has become an important employer of women. One reason is that the public sector has a high proportion of jobs that are secure. In 1995, 85% of the public sector workforce were employed on permanent contracts, compared with 75% in 1980. This is due to a number of factors, including the fact that the public sector has a high proportion of jobs that are essential to the functioning of the state, such as the police, the fire service, and the health service.

Another reason why the public sector has become an important employer of women is that it has a high proportion of jobs that are flexible. In 1995, 15% of the public sector workforce were employed on flexible contracts, compared with 5% in 1980. This is due to a number of factors, including the fact that the public sector has a high proportion of jobs that are essential to the functioning of the state, such as the police, the fire service, and the health service.

A third reason why the public sector has become an important employer of women is that it has a high proportion of jobs that are well-located. In 1995, 65% of the public sector workforce were employed in the London region, compared with 55% in 1980. This is due to a number of factors, including the fact that the public sector has a high proportion of jobs that are essential to the functioning of the state, such as the police, the fire service, and the health service.

There are a number of other reasons why the public sector has become an important employer of women. One reason is that the public sector has a high proportion of jobs that are well-qualified. In 1995, 85% of the public sector workforce were employed in jobs that required a degree or higher qualification, compared with 75% in 1980. This is due to a number of factors, including the fact that the public sector has a high proportion of jobs that are essential to the functioning of the state, such as the police, the fire service, and the health service.

Another reason why the public sector has become an important employer of women is that it has a high proportion of jobs that are well-structured. In 1995, 65% of the public sector workforce were employed in jobs that were well-structured, compared with 55% in 1980. This is due to a number of factors, including the fact that the public sector has a high proportion of jobs that are essential to the functioning of the state, such as the police, the fire service, and the health service.